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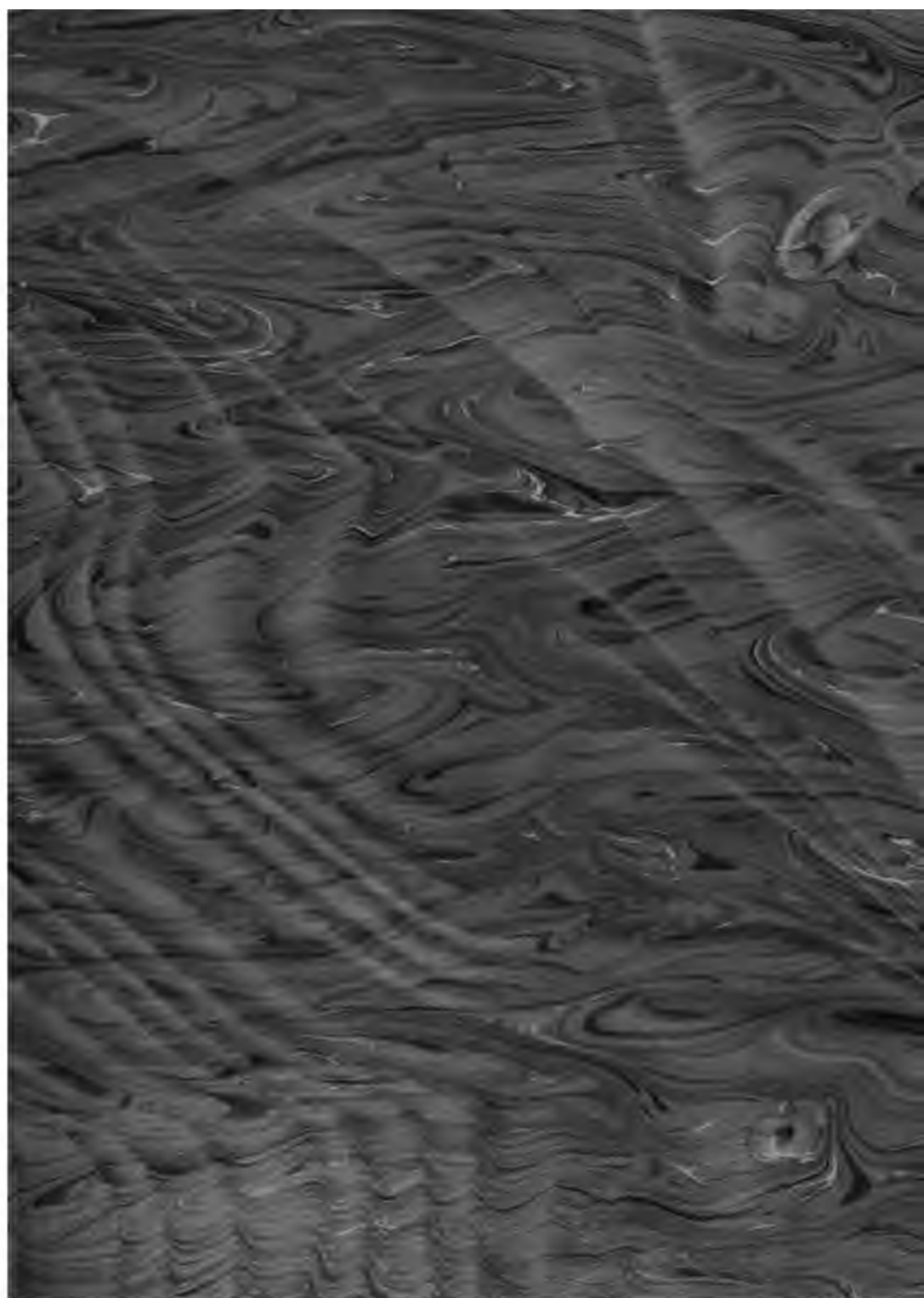
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1







# THE COMPLEAT ANGLER







*Isaac Walton*



# The Compleat Angler

OR THE

Contemplative MAN'S RECREATION

*Being a discourse of RIVERS, FISH PONDS  
FISH & FISHING, written by*

Mr IZAAK WALTON

AND

*Instructions how to angle for a TROUT  
or GRAYLING in a clear Stream by*

CHARLES COTTON, Esq.

*Edited by* GEORGE A. B. DEWAR, *with*  
*an Essay by* SIR EDWARD GREY, Bart.,  
*& Numerous Etchings by* WILLIAM STRANG  
& D. Y. CAMERON. IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOLUME ONE.

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THE WINCHESTER EDITION

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*The Text of this Edition is an exact  
reprint in spelling and punctuation of  
the Fifth (1676) Edition ; the last  
published in Walton's lifetime.*

I ACKNOWLEDGE gratefully the aid I have received in preparing this edition of "The Compleat Angler" from Mr Melville Portal, Sir Edward Grey, the Dean of Winchester, and the late Mr A. N. Cheney. Miss Agnes M. Catchpool has given most scholarly attention to the text. The portrait of Charles Cotton is from the painting by Sir Peter Lely, in the possession of Mrs Holden of Nuttall Temple, Nottingham.

GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.



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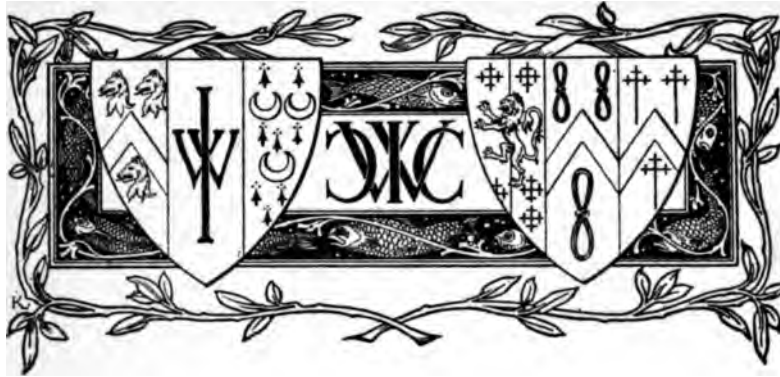


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# · INTRODUCTION ·

IZAACK WALTON

(BY THE EDITOR)

SOME of the world's best books are those in which the authors have set down themselves without reserve. It is so delightful to see without the least effort a good, wise, or great mind sun-clear on the printed page ; as delightful as lying on the bank of a limpid stream and seeing in the water beneath the flowers and trees and swaying reeds and blue sky and grey cloud that make up so perfect a picture. Such writings are mirrors which once having caught a likeness never let it go, and never can grow dim. The greatest portrait painter will always aspire to show something of the soul, but how pale the

presentment on canvas compared with that the man can sometimes with his pen give of his innermost self! There is a very famous picture of Shelley in the National Portrait Gallery, but it tells us little about Shelley except that he was beautiful to look at: the "Ode to the West Wind" is his real picture; that tells us a world about him. In the same Gallery is a picture of Izaak Walton, the familiar, ever-pleasing one which is reproduced in this edition; but if we wish to know much of the man himself we must seek for it, not in the picture but in "The Compleat Angler" and the "Lives." From the painter we should only expect the finishing touch to the portraits of men who have thus written down themselves, and who, like Shakespeare's love, will shine in black ink for ever bright.

More than one editor of Walton, notably Sir Harris Nicolas, has striven by years of earnest research to build up what we call a "Life" out of the facts handed down by documents or on the authority of those who can be trusted implicitly. But material of this description relating to Walton is very slight, and here and there occur gaps of years in length which cannot be filled up. The biographer, moreover, has long had to face the fact that the field has been gleaned so often and so carefully that his is indeed a meagre chance of discovering any fresh date or fact of importance. I have not been without some small success in identifying Walton with a farm in Hampshire and with a lease which for centuries has lain hid from the knowledge of men much better versed in the arts

of research than myself; but the discovery was rather due to good fortune than to any merit; and I feel that I might search for years without coming upon any other unpublished fact about Walton. Most fortunate is it, then, that, in spite of the fact that so many links are missing in the chain of Walton's life, we can all get such a speaking likeness of the man and by his writings see so clearly the character of the life he led. I am not sure indeed whether we should know much more about Walton, even if we found out where he was at school and what he learnt there, whether he was a sempster or not at one period of his life, who Nat. and R. Roe were, or what was the amount of the competency on which he retired from business. Of course we should like to have these gaps in our knowledge filled up, because no date or fact about the life of a good or a great man we venerate can be without its interest to us. Yet, though we should be elated if we could light upon something telling of Nat. and R. Roe, we can do without such knowledge infinitely better than we could do without the choice passages in "The Compleat Angler" in which the Roes are mentioned.

We see Walton and read his life, then, all through these books of his, which are such living, human documents. He peeps at us out of almost every page of "The Compleat Angler," and we enjoy constant intimacy with him, too, through the "Lives." Though the least egotistic of men, he was perfectly aware of this himself, and with delightful candour tells us at the very outset how "The Compleat

Angler" reflects its writer. "And I am the willingest to justify the pleasant part of it, because though it is known I can be serious at seasonable times, yet the whole Discourse is, or rather was, a picture of my own disposition, especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a-fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe"; and, with a sadness that reminds one of "The Old Familiar Faces," he adds in later editions, "but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow that passeth away and returns not." Sir Edward Grey, in some thoughts on "The Compleat Angler," which he has very kindly given me, and which are printed in this edition, describes the book as essentially a happy one. I think all will agree that happiness is one of the prime secrets of the success of "The Compleat Angler." This happiness, this "high content" of Walton's was not reached, if I have read his books aright, without a struggle sometimes through ways that were painful. Even in his cup of life there must have lurked a taste of the bitter. It would be true to say of very many men, whose lives on the whole have been happy ones, that they have none the less struggled and wrestled with themselves and at times suffered much. It may be that those men have been the happiest who have both enjoyed greatly and suffered greatly. The stream of Walton's life was not monotonously placid in its flow. Had he not himself felt the grief which he tells us, in that charming book, the "Life of Donne," fell upon his friend at the loss of "her who had long been the delight of his eyes and the companion of

his youth ; her with whom he had divided so many sorrows and contented fears as common people are not capable of" ? Surely there is autobiography in that. And the smaller, the meaner cares of this world, which, if not resolutely shaken off, will debase, and not, like its honourable sorrows and toil, ennoble men, had hold of Walton too at seasons. After he has passed the span of years allotted to man, he writes of "those many little cares" with which he has too often cumbered himself, and which he has shaken off at a time clearly not in the distant past. Nor is that the only passage in Walton bearing on the worries, the carking cares which we suffer and encourage too often to nest and breed within us. He can show us that even the good homely milkwoman, who sings him a gay song, and promises him a syllabub of new verjuice when next he comes that way a-fishing, has not been by any means quite exempt from care ; and he can speak with special delight of the handsome milkmaid who has "not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do." "Fear of many things that will never be"—how well the folly of the fretful passages of our lives is set forth in those simple, beautiful words.

Walton, then, like most of us, was caught at times in the fine meshed nets of what we curiously misname the world. He, even as we, was made uneasy by "many things that will never be," and harboured vain cares. But from what, in his own version of

an old catch, he calls the "care and money and trouble" of life, he, unlike so many of us, knew well how to withdraw himself completely. He banished the "getting and spending" calculations from his mind when he went forth to angle. He would not suffer himself to labour in writing of his recreation. It has been said that "The Compleat Angler," though it gives an impression of such absolute spontaneity, was actually the outcome of an elaborate art. I think that is an exaggeration. It seems like the view of one who, having long been accustomed to regard "The Compleat Angler" as the most artless of all books, finds to his surprise, in looking through and comparing the different editions brought out within a period of twenty-three years, that much was added and much was altered; and forthwith goes to the other extreme.

Certainly "The Compleat Angler" did undergo many changes; certainly the fifth and crowning edition of Walton's lifetime, even were it separated from Cotton's contribution, would be judged a better, more beautiful work than the first. Yet the growth of "The Compleat Angler," its development into its final form, shows not art so much as Nature. Elaborate art implies much labour, and therefore would be inconsistent with Walton's own statement that in writing "The Compleat Angler" he has made himself "a recreation of a recreation," which appears in the "Epistle to the Reader" in the final edition as in the first. Walton possessed style, as all who have read even a little of his books must see; but that is not necessarily a sign that he

laboured over his writing, style being nothing more or less than the man himself.

This serene atmosphere of leisure makes "The Compleat Angler" a delight to a tired generation. As time goes on, and the strain and stress of life become even more wearing than they are to-day, the value in this respect of "The Compleat Angler" may well become enhanced, so that Walton may be even better known and more cared for at the end of this century than he is at its beginning. The "Lives," too, which could not be more fragrant if between each page were pressed a leaf of scented lemon plant, will appeal, I believe, to a wider circle of readers than they do now.

"The Compleat Angler" throughout shows us in Walton a most reasonable and practical man. Though he is never perhaps quite so happy as when at the river side, enjoying the pure delights of the country, though he finds the shine on Shawford Brook far better than the glitter of life in crowded places, he does not rail too much against the busy town. Was it not indeed the town that gave him that blessed competency which ensured an old age of leisure and independence and freedom from gnawing anxiety? In a happy passage in his "Rural Life of England," Howitt tells us how much the sight of the awakening city on a bright morning pleased himself, fresh from long rambles in the country; and Walton, a liberal and broad-minded man, like Howitt, would see the light as well as the dark side of city life, would be thankful for its advantages. In his way, Walton believed in the country quite



as sincerely as Thoreau himself—but what a world between their philosophies !

Broad-mindedness was a great thing about Walton. Firmly as he held to one religious faith, to one side in politics, he was yet most tolerant, truly a Christian in his feelings towards those whose ways were absolutely contrary to his. It is no stinted measure of praise, but full and brimming over, which Walton, the strenuous Royalist, deals out to Venables, the Parliamentary soldier ; for his political opponent and his rival in angling literature he has only the most generous thoughts and words.

Though so whole-hearted in devotion to the Crown, to Charles I. personally, whom he regards as “the knowing and conscientious King,” “the Martyr for the Church,” there is perhaps as little of the popular notion of the Royalist about Walton as of the Puritan. His distaste for coarse company and conversation is as pronounced as that of Master Bridgenorth himself, but there is absolutely nothing of the “sowre-complexioned” man about him. Delightful in Walton is his frank and hearty praise of the good things of life. It is not granted to very many to write of the creature comforts of life, of “wretched meat and drink,” and yet never repel us by a sense of something gross or vulgar : it was to Walton. He can dwell safely on the pleasures of satisfying the appetite that come through exercise in the open air. He is equally attractive, whether enjoying a cup of milk from the red cow, or sharing “a bottle of sack, milk, oranges and sugar ; which,

all put together, make a drink like nectar ; indeed, too good for any but us anglers." He can thank God for a good stomach, and yet not sink for a moment in our esteem.

The most favourite author is on dangerous ground when he ventures to preach to us in books which are not books of sermons : incidentally, Walton preaches a good deal, but we never feel in the least rebellious. Charming are Walton's sermons, and in regard to that final one, preached on the last, the ever memorable mile to Totnam High-cross, one only wishes that the mile had been longer, or else that Piscator and Venator had dallied by the way. We feel like parting with a dear friend when "Study to be Quiet" has been reached. In saying this, I do not forget that there is something very good of a different flavour to follow. It was a happy thought of Walton's to insist on Cotton writing a second part to his book. That addition made the "Angler" Compleat. From purely an angling point of view, Cotton's "Instructions How to Angle for a Trout and a Grayling in a Clear Stream" are amongst the very best ever given by an undoubted master. It really would be hard to put their importance in fly fishing too high. But we should value Cotton's contribution, too, for its literary excellence. There is not a dull or uninforming passage in it, and the dialogue simply sparkles. I can read over and over again, with fresh zest every time, the account of that perilous seventeenth-century journey through Dovedale. The dangers of Hawkley Hanger, as Cobbett found them in his rural

rides, the majesty of the mountains of Sussex, as White saw them from Selborne, pale before the astonishing land through which bold Piscator guided somewhat faltering Viator. It was bold in Walton after reading that account, to set out for Derbyshire at over eighty years of age. There was adventure in the England of those times, there was a dignity about travel. One would have liked to make a third on that exhilarating journey from Ashbourne to Beresford, to join Piscator and Viator at the supper they sat down to later. The company must have been as good as at that rude board at which Friar Tuck entertained the Knight of the Sable Plume with a noble pasty and a leathern bottle of wine. There is such a warmth and cheerfulness about the scene as Cotton paints it. "Piscator. . . . Come, take away, and bring us some pipes and a bottle of ale, and go to your own suppers. And are you for this diet, Sir? Viator. Yes, sir, I am for one pipe of tobacco; and I perceive yours is very good by the smell." We must include Cotton among those who can write with safety of the pleasures of the table. The fault, if any, we have to find with Cotton's "Instructions" is that, like the sermon on the last mile to Totnam High-cross, they are over too soon.

To turn back to that sermon. One reason why Walton as a lay preacher never makes us uncomfortable or annoyed is because, as Mr Marston has said very truly in his "Walton and Some Earlier Writers on Fish and Fishing," the preaching is so entirely a part of himself. And then he is so sweetly

reasonable, so possible, and so free from all suspicion of unctiousness. Health, leave to go a-fishing, an easy conscience, a competency—these are the things which, if we accept his doctrine, we may desire earnestly and without harm. A good conscience comes first, health is next on his list of blessings, and, being quite incapable of cant, he places money third. Walton was no adorer of riches. The idol of gain and grab had no worshipper in him; but he knew the value of independence, of a moderate competency, to one who would live the latter part of his life in peace and a well directed leisure. Had it not been for the competency which Walton secured, the “Lives” might not have been written, and the world have been the poorer. Walton, on money and its proper uses and its limitations, ought never to be old-fashioned. If anyone should be inclined to look on Walton as overworldly or carnal in his frank talk about the third blessing of life, as he terms it, let him remember Walton’s admiration of Wotton as an “undervaluer of money,” or read in Walton’s will how “My worldly estate . . . I have neither got by falsehood or flattery or the extreme crewelty of the law of this nation.”

We who prize Walton have, on the whole, little cause to complain of the spirit in which the man and his works have been written of during the two hundred and fifty years which have passed since “The Compleat Angler” appeared. Perhaps there has been a little too much tendency to harp on Walton’s “simplicity”; whilst the term “garrulous,”

applied to him by at least one writer of distinction in English literature, though far from unkindly meant, was not happy: Walton was no more a garrulous than he was a reticent man. These are venial errors perhaps; but the much more frequent statement that Walton was a credulous and very superstitious man does not come under the same head. This charge was first brought against him by Franck, author of "The Northern Memoirs," a book largely devoted to angling, written during Walton's life, and published a few years after his death. It was repeated fifty years ago by "Ephemera," an editor of "The Compleat Angler"; and we have read something of the sort in books and elsewhere during the last few years. I turn to Franck first, as he was a contemporary of Walton's, and a writer of some note on angling. I have not read the whole of Franck's book, but enough to convince me that his testimony is of little worth. In one place he attacks Walton for quoting "mouldy" authorities; in another he gives his account of an argument he had with Walton at Stafford in regard to pike being bred out of pickerel weed. Walton, we are told, "huffed away" when corrected by his opponent. Certainly, if Franck's way of carrying on an argument was at all like his way of writing about those whose views were not his, it is not surprising that Walton should have withdrawn. A fine gentleman as well might try and bandy words with a bargee, as Walton stand up to Franck. I find nothing whatever to Walton's discredit in this story of how he "huffed away,"

nothing whatever in what Franck says to make me think that Walton held views which for the middle of the seventeenth century could be regarded as particularly superstitious or credulous. It so happened that Franck himself did not believe in the story about pike being bred out of pickerel weed, but he did not hesitate to advance others quite as erroneous as Walton's. Thus I open his book, turn over a few leaves, and find him quoting a writer called Van Helmont, who says that a trout in the Lake of Lemane often grows to a hundred pounds in weight. And yet Franck decried Walton for quoting Gesner and others !

"Ephemera's" familiar edition of "The Compleat Angler" appeared in 1853. It is distasteful for me to speak in dispraise of "Ephemera." I feel that I may owe to him, to some extent at any rate, my love of angling, my longing at an early age to take my rough rod and line—it was a kind of telescopic bamboo rod, with bent hairpins in place of rings—and go and wander in the willowed meadows in sight and sound of that living and divine thing, the clear brook. Certainly it was "Ephemera's" edition which introduced to me "The Compleat Angler," and in boyhood the only copy of the book I ever saw was one in a faded green cover, which I discovered either in one of the heavy book-boxes in the lumber room—such a place of delight on a wet day—or else in one of the cupboards with glass doors in the breakfast-room ; I can't quite recollect which. Walton had his rivals in that enchanted world of childhood. There

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were Gilbert White's "Selborne," and Scott's Poems and Stories, and Howitt's "Rural Life of England," with the most fascinating little cuts, by S. Williamson, of curious homes in huge trees, and of lonely country houses, lonelier even than ours. But he had an honoured place among these books, and when with misgivings I left my beloved woods for the home of a tutor on the other side of the great Lambourne downs, "The Compleat Angler" went with me. It was then I came out as an angler, for the chalk stream which flowed beneath our home was but a winter-bourne, only occasionally lasting through a part of the summer, so that the trout seldom came so high up as our meadows. The stream I was now to angle in had its head waters by Coate, Richard Jefferies' home, and, creeping through the Wiltshire meadows, joined the Isis, near Lechlade. I caught perch and dace with a brandling worm; once hooked, and, owing to its first furious rush, lost a large chub; and on another occasion hooked a much larger pike which carried away most of my line, for, like Walton, I think I must have angled without a winch, or, at any rate, with a very imperfect one. It was the time of life when child thoughts and child faith begin to pass away, and we stand on the shore of a strange sea. Some are very happy at the thought of putting forth on the unknown waters, but it was otherwise with me; I seemed to be leaving behind me all that had made life so good. And at this time angling was a prime consoler, "a calmer

of unquiet thoughts." I cared for "The Compleat Angler" then, as I do not care for it now, because of its directions how to catch fish, and "Ephemera" was no doubt a real help to me. So I feel in his debt. There is some excuse for "Ephemera," moreover, in the fact that he wrote from a severely practical, fish-catching point of view, and perhaps felt it a solemn duty to correct Walton a good deal. Only we wish he had corrected with a little more care and reverence. It was really an outrage to write of Walton's "childish ignorance": it was so rash to declare "We know the history of the salmon." I trust and believe that future editors of Walton, in their own interests as well as their readers', will refrain from setting Walton right too often. I feel, I confess, much less charity towards people to-day who, with every opportunity to know better, write and talk glibly of Walton as credulous and grossly superstitious. He was neither. The age in which Walton lived was one that in some ways must be admired by us to-day. There was room and there was leisure to live then, and there were many good and splendid Englishmen to look up to. But knowledge of the laws of Nature, even among the most learned, was slight compared with what it is to-day. Culpepper and Gerarde and other leading men of medicine held the fantastic "doctrine of signatures." Spontaneous generation was firmly believed in by well-educated people, was, as Moses Browne points out, "the fashionable way of thinking then." Long after Walton's time



Dryden firmly believed in astrology. Ashmole cured himself of an ague by hanging three spiders round his neck. Numberless other cases of the kind might be mentioned showing how men of high attainment, whose works we quote with reverence to-day, believed in the kind of thing which Walton has been condemned by thoughtless people for putting forward; such, for instance, as the story that the young ravens deserted by their dams are fed by dew, that hares change their sex every year. If the charge of superstition is to be persisted in, it should be applied, not to Walton, but to Walton's age. I think it would be much wiser not to persist in it at all; it is conceivable that the thought of us of the first part of the twentieth century, condemning or pitying the want of knowledge of our ancestors of the seventeenth century, might highly divert our descendants of, say, the twenty-second century.

Each of the last three centuries has produced a writer on "the open air" of unrivalled merit, Izaak Walton, Gilbert White, and Richard Jefferies. The books of Walton and White, and of White and Jefferies, have often been compared. It is interesting and not quite fruitless, I think, to compare the three, who certainly had in common a great love of Nature as they knew her in the delicate, quiet scenes of the south of England, in such counties as Hertfordshire, Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Surrey. White does remind us of Walton in some ways, both as writer and man. He, like Walton, had style, though his way of

writing was more cramped, and more what one might call precise. White has a delicate humour which we should look for in vain in the pages of Walton or Jefferies ; in Jefferies, indeed, at his greatest, there is no room for anything in the nature of humour ; it would be so out of place. Neither Walton nor Jefferies would have recorded the loves and travels and glimmerings of intelligence of old Mrs Snookes' tortoise, Timothy, half so well as White did ; perhaps only Charles Lamb could have equalled White there. But though White, as a writer, was much better equipped than Walton in scholarship, knowledge, and this nice sense of humour, his book has not the wide-reaching human interest, if the winning charm of Walton's. The "Natural History of Selborne," though read and enjoyed by so very many who are not naturalists, is yet more a book for naturalists than "The Compleat Angler" is for anglers.

Both could throw themselves heart and soul into their delightful open-air pursuits, at times when great events were agitating their countrymen. Walton and White were true lovers of their land, concerned about its welfare ; but the one could angle peacefully, and write and bring out his book on angling at one of the very stormy periods in our history ; the other was intent on the nightjars and wild creatures round his village home, at a time when the French Revolution was convulsing the world. Both were firm believers in order and decorum, ardent alike in their loyalism. "I was born and bred a gentleman, and hope to be allowed to die such," says White,

alluding to some alarming disturbances in England at the end of the eighteenth century: "Be one of the thankful and quiet party," is one of the great rules of life Walton would always have us follow.

We are in a different atmosphere altogether when we turn from the seventeenth or the eighteenth century to the nineteenth century writer on "the open air." It is somewhat like turning from Thompson's "Seasons," or Cowper's "Afternoon Walk," to the lyrics of Shelley, or the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," of Wordsworth. And, in fact, the attitude of Richard Jefferies towards Nature differs from the attitude of Walton or White very much as the attitude of the "Poets of Nature" of the nineteenth century differs from that of Thompson or Cowper. The Jefferies I have in mind is not he who wrote "The Gamekeeper at Home" and "The Amateur Poacher"—delightful though those books are in a different way—but the Jefferies of "The Pageant of Summer," "My Old Village," "Meadow Thoughts," above all, of "The Story of my Heart," works of genius and a high order of imagination. Walton, compared with Jefferies, is very placid and equable in his attitude towards Nature. Nature to him, as to all other English writers, I suppose, up to the time of the "Poets of Nature" of the last century, is the background to Man. With Jefferies it is so entirely different. Man and his works and his knowledge are thrust into the background: there is "something beyond the philosophies in the light, in the grass blades, the leaf, the grasshopper, the

sparrow on the wall." Walton is so delighted and refreshed by the sights and sounds of Nature that in reading him we are infected by his joy, our "low-pitched thoughts" are raised at the thought of the honeysuckle hedges and the cowslip banks, and we, too, are refreshed. The mysteries of Life, the transcendental in things will never enter into our thoughts when we are in the true Walton mood : we shall be serene and un baffled. But in the company of Jefferies, we shall want to be more than refreshed by, we shall want to hold communion with, Nature. The water to us, then, will be more than water and the sun than sun : "the water to me was more than water, and the sun than sun. The gleaming rays of the water in my palm held me for a moment, the touch of the water gave me something from itself. A moment, and the gleam was gone, the water flowing away, but I had had them. Besides the physical water and physical light, I had received from them their beauty ; they had communicated to me this silent mystery. The pure and beautiful water, the pure, clear, and beautiful light, each had given me something of their truth." Jefferies cannot fail to move deeply a few men and women in each generation to come, but the number of those who read and sympathise with him completely must be insignificant compared with the number of those who read Walton and rise from reading him better and happier. The Jefferies of "The Story of My Heart" must to the many be always a closed book. He, I fear, so

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far as the great world of readers is concerned, is "a beautiful and ineffectual angel beating his luminous wings in the void."

Walton is so practical, so perfectly intelligible, so wholesome. If, when our spirits flag, and we are crestfallen and cast down, we turn to books such as "The Compleat Angler," or the "Lives," and have the will to give our minds to them, we may find solace. It cannot be claimed for Walton that he is the only English writer who possesses the benign power of charming us from ourselves; but on the list of those who comfort many men and give abounding pleasure he will always have a high place.



## WALTON IN HAMPSHIRE

IN arranging this edition of Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler," nothing has been more delightful to me than tracing Izaak Walton's connection with the fair and refreshing country where I spent my boyhood, and have since lived so many of the most radiant days of my life. I never for a moment thought, in taking up this task, that I should be able to give any fresh facts about Walton's life; I am happy that I have been able to find a document that throws a little fresh light on the subject. Some time before this discovery I had resolved to call this "The Winchester Edition." Seeing that Walton was certainly in Winchester a good deal during the latter part of his life, that he died and was buried there, I felt quite justified in calling this edition after the city, the very name of which uplifts the hearts of those who are in sympathy with the spirit of the place, and have roamed within it and around it with a full content; when I came to learn that Walton, very near the end of his days, had actually rented a house and land,

not many miles away, in the Vale of the Test, and within a stone's throw of the river, the choice of a title for this edition did seem a fortunate one.

First, to deal with the facts already recorded in connection with Walton in Hampshire. It is practically certain that when Dr Morley was translated from the see of Worcester to that of Winchester in 1662 he offered Walton what Sir Harris Nicolas calls a "permanent asylum" at his new home. We shall scarcely be very rash in picturing Walton spending the last ten or twelve years of his life between Winchester, Droxford, and Farnham, devoting himself to his literary pursuits, his close friends and family, from time to time most assuredly roaming along Hampshire streams with his angle. If Farnham were his headquarters, he could reach Winchester easily in a day's journey from the former town—which though in Surrey is very close to the Hampshire border—or Droxford, perhaps. The only seventeenth-century map of Hampshire I have is Speed's, three hundred years old, and this does not give the roads; but the way from Farnham to Winchester would, I suppose, be much the same then as it is to-day. Walton would travel by the valley of the Wey—quite a trout stream, by the by, in that district—to Alton, and thence by Ropley and Alresford down the valley of the Itchen into Winchester. He would pass close to more than one spot where there were hard fought actions in the great Civil War, by which he had been himself so deeply moved.

It was at Alton that Boles, the gallant uncompromising Royalist Colonel, refused quarter in the church into which he and his men had been driven by Waller's force, and fell after a desperate resistance. It was near Alresford that, on March 29th, 1644, was fought the hard fight of Cheriton, which proved so great a blow to the King's cause in the South; and in which perished one of the most promising young men of the time, Lord John Stuart, General of the Horse: "a young man," Clarendon calls him, "of extraordinary hope, little more than one-and-twenty years of age; who being of a more choleric and rough Nature than the other branches of that Illustrious and Princely Family was not delighted with the softness of the Court, but had dedicated himself to the possession of Arms." But thirty or more years had gone since those times, and Walton would be thinking perhaps of angling rather than of battle scenes as he journeyed up the valley of the Wey from Farnham, down the valley of the Itchen as he neared Winchester; an angler could scarcely pass through the country in which lie Alresford and the Worthys, and not think of trout. I cannot doubt that Walton angled in the Itchen at and about Winchester. He speaks briefly, in later editions of "The Compleat Angler," of fish and fishing there, and praises highly the fine waters of Hampshire, "which I think exceeds all England for swift, shallow, clear, pleasant brooks, and store of trouts." It has been suggested to me by a Winchester book-lover and angler that



Walton, whilst staying at Winchester, may well have angled in the excellent trout stream that flows through the Deanery gardens. Walton's brother-in-law, Thomas Ken, who obtained a stall in the cathedral in 1669, lived in a house\* which stood in what is now the Deanery garden. It is natural to suppose that Walton, when he stayed with Ken, angled in this branch of the Itchen; and that some tradition of the kind has existed seems to be shown by the fact that an old Summer house, which stands on the bank, has long been called after his name. I think his ties with the city must have been growing stronger as the last years of his life glided by. We know, by letters of his which are still in existence, that he was at Winchester in 1670, and in 1673.

Before 1678, according to Sir Harris Nicolas, his daughter Anne was married to Dr Hawkins. Besides being Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral, Dr Hawkins was Rector of Droxford, which lies some ten miles south-east of the city, near Bishop's Waltham. Droxford is a large village set in the tranquil land of the Meonwaras. It is the valley of a pretty, little-known trout stream called the Meon or Arle, up which a good many sea-trout and some salmon at one time used to run. Droxford is mentioned in Walton's will. He kept books there, as well as at Winchester and Farnham, and

\* Ken's house was taken down in 1846, and the garden attached to it, including the stream, thrown into the Deanery grounds. There are still persons living who can recall the old house. I am indebted for these facts to the kindness of the present Dean of Winchester.

Sir Harris Nicolas suggests that he had a house or apartments there. Did he live at times in the Rectory with his daughter and son-in-law? I have made inquiries, but have not succeeded in finding out anything about Walton in Droxford. One lady, I am told, "says that she has heard some floating rumour that a daughter of Izaak's married a clergyman who was a Rector of Droxford, but she has never heard the clergyman's name." I should say that floating rumour arose through somebody in the village having read an account of Walton's life, Nicolas', possibly; for a floating rumour concerning events of more than two centuries ago it is uncommonly trustworthy, only unfortunately it affords no fresh information. It has also been suggested to me that Walton angled in the Meon: I think it quite likely.

I now come to entirely new ground. In his will Walton mentions "Norington farme," which he holds from the Lord Bishop of Winton, and the right and title to the lease of which he leaves to his son Isaac. In no edition or biography of Walton is there any account of this farm, and, when I first paid attention to the matter, it occurred to me that the "Norington farme" of Walton's time might be the Northington farm of to-day, close by the village of Northington, which is not many miles from Winchester, near the stream that comes down the valley of the Candovers, and flowing through Grange Park joins the other branch of the Itchen by Itchen Stoke. I could find, at any rate, no name on the Ordnance Maps of Hampshire

more similar to Norington than this Northington. Upon going more closely into the matter, I learnt that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners had at their offices in Whitehall Place three leases dated 1683, 1687, and 1691, being renewals of a lease for twenty-one years, granted in 1679 by the Bishop of Winchester to Izaak Walton in respect of a certain Northampton Farm in the Parish of Overton. That I was about to discover a new haunt of Walton's in Hampshire, a haunt overlooked by a hundred editors of the "Angler," and in one of the choicest spots in the whole Vale of the Test, seemed too good to be true. Three bits of dingy old parchment were brought to me when I called at the offices of the Commission, and, when I opened one of these, my spirits sank as I saw the words "between Lord Bishopp of Winchester, and Isaac Walton, Clerk Rector of the Rectory of Polshott in the County of Wilts"; they rose a little when I saw the date "May 10, 1691." A glance at the second bit of parchment was not encouraging. Here, in the first lease, was the Rector of Polshott's name, and here, too, the Bishop was not Dr George Morley, Izaak Walton's old friend, but "Peter by divine permission Lord Bishop of Winchester." But when I came to look at the third of those leases, that dated "April 16, 1683," I felt sure that the "Norington farm" of Walton's will could be none other than this Northampton farm at Overton, near the head waters of the finest trout stream in England. The leases dated June 23, 1687, and May 10, 1691,

bear the seal and signature of Isaac Walton of Polshott—Isaac the younger, of course; the lease dated April 16, 1683, has been robbed both of its seal and its signature, but it is one of two leases—the other is dated October 16, 1679—beyond the faintest doubt on which Walton set his name. On the back of the lease are these words: “Northampton, April 16th, 1683. Northampton Farme. Isaac Walton, for 21 years from y<sup>e</sup> Date. Rent 9. 6. 8. (Copy). — Counterpart of Mr. Izaak Walton’s Lease of Northampton Farme for 21 years. Dat: April 16th, 1683.” Here is the lease:

“THIS INDENTURE made the sixteenth day of April in the five and thirty-                    eth yeare of the reign of our Sovereigne Lord Charles the Second by the grace of God of England Scotland, France and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith &c. Anno Dni. One thousand six hundred eighty three. Betweene the Right Reverend Father in God George by divine providence Lord Bishop of Winchester of the one part, And Izaak Walton of Farnham in the County of Surrey Gent<sup>a</sup> of the other parte WITNESSETH that the said Lord Bishop for divers good causes and considerations him thereunto moveinge HATH demissed sett and to farme letten And by these p’sents for himselfe and his successors doth Demise sett and to farme lett unto y<sup>e</sup> said Izaak Walton his Executo<sup>rs</sup> Administrators and assignes All that his Farme of North-hampton otherwise called Northampton in the County of Southton and also all and singular Houses Edifices and Buildings upon the said Farme, And all Lands

Tenements, Meadows Pastures, Feedings, Wayes and paths with all and singular their appurtenances in Northampton aforesaid to the same Farme belonging or appertaineinge which said Farme and other the pmisses of late were in the tenure or occupation of S<sup>r</sup> Thomas Vernon of Hodnett in the County of Salop Baronett his Assignee or Assignes Undertenant or Undertenants TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said Farme of North-hampton otherwise called Northampton and all Houses Ediffices and Buildings Lands Tenements Meadows Feedings with all and singular their appurtenances to y<sup>e</sup> said Farme and p'misses belonging to the said Izaak Walton his Executors Administra's and assignes from the makeinge hereof for and dureinge the terme and unto the full end of the terme of twenty and one years from thenceforth next ensueing and fully to be compleat and ended YIELDINGE AND PAYINGE therefore dureinge the said terme unto the said Lord Bishop and his successors att the Exchequer att Wolvesey in the said County of Southton the yearly Rent or sume of Nine pounds six shillings and eight pence of lawfull money of England att the two most usuall Feasts or termes in the yeare (that is to say) att the Feast of S<sup>t</sup> Michaell the Archangell and of Easton by even and equall portions. And also yielding and paying for the said Farme and p'misses to the said Lord Bishop and his successors all such other rents duetyes payments and sumes of money as hath been accustomed to be paid for y<sup>e</sup> same from time to time. And if it shall happen the said yearly rent of Nine pounds six shillings and eight pence or

any part thereof to be behind and unpaid by the space of two moneths and after either of the said Feasts on which the same ought to be paid as aforesaid and noe sufficient distresse can or may be found in or upon the p'misses or any part thereof That then and from time to time the said Isaack Walton his Executo' Administrato' and Assignes shall forfeit and pay or cause to be paid unto the said Lord Bishop and his Successors upon every such default y<sup>e</sup> sume of Five pounds currant English money Nominee pœnæ over and above the rent before in these p'sents reserved. And that it shall and may be lawfull to and for the said Lord Bishop and his successors his and theire Officers Servants and Assignes from time to time duringe the terme aforesaid upon y<sup>e</sup> nonpayment of the said Rent of Nine pounds six shillings and eight pence or of any part thereof into the said Farme Houses Lands Tenements and other the p'misses in and by these p'sents demised or into any part thereof to enter and distraine and the distresse and distresses there soe had and taken to lead drive and carry away and the same to detaine and keepe untill the said yearly rent of Nine pounds six shillings and eight pence and the said Nomine pœnæ of Five pounds and all arrears thereof (if any shall happen to be) shall be fully satisfyed and paid. And if it shall happen the said yearly rent of Nine pounds six shillings and eight pence or any part thereof to be behind and unpaid by the space of three moneths next after either of the said Feasts on which the same ought to be paid as aforesaid That then and at all times

afterwards it shall and may be lawfull to and for the said Bishop and his Successors into the said Farme Houses Lands Tenements and other y<sup>e</sup> p'misses in and by these presents demised and into every part thereof to reenter and the same to have againe repossesse and enjoy as in his or theire former estate, anything hereinbefore mentioned to the contrary thereof in any wise notwithstandinge And the said Izaak Walton for himself his Executore Administrato<sup>r</sup> and Assignes doth covenant promise and grant to and with the said Lord Bishop and his Successo<sup>r</sup> by these p'sents That he the said Izaak Walton his Executor<sup>s</sup> Administrato<sup>r</sup> and Assignes shall and will from time to time and at all times dureing the said terme at his and theire owne proper costs and charges well and sufficiently repaire amend uphold maintaine and keepe the said Farme and all Houses Edifices Buildings Enclosures and Fences thereunto belonging in by and with all and all manner of needfull and necessary reparations and amendm<sup>ts</sup> whatsoever when and as often as need shall require haveing and takeing upon the p'misses rough Timber upon the Stemm for the doeing thereof by the Assignment of the generall Woodward of the Bishopricke of Winchester for the time being And the same soe well and sufficiently repaired amended upheld maintained and kept att the end of the said terme or other sooner determination of this p'sent demise which shall first happen shall and will leave surrender and yeild up unto the said Lord Bishop or his successors And the said Lord Bishop for himself and his successors doth agree to

and with the said Izaak Walton his Executo<sup>r</sup> Administrato<sup>r</sup> and Assigns by these presents that he the said Izaak Walton his Executo<sup>r</sup> Administrato<sup>r</sup> and Assigns shall and may dureinge the terme aforesaid have and take in the Woods belonginge to the said Lord Bishop and his successors within the Manno<sup>r</sup> of Overton (if there shall be soe much from time to time within the said Manno<sup>r</sup> of Overton of the proper Woods of the said Bishop and his successors and by him and them disposeable) Forty Cart load of Firewood yearly by Assignment as aforesaid And twenty Cart loads of Wood for Hedge boote by like Assignment of the generall Woodward aforesaid not makeing any spoyles or destruction in the said Wood and the sum to be spent upon the p'misses and not elsewhere The said Izaak Walton his Executo<sup>r</sup> Administrato<sup>r</sup> and Assignes allowing and paying yearly to the hands of the Reeve of Overton for the use of the said Bishop and his successors six pence for every Cart load of the said Sixty load of Wood IN WITNESS whereof the partyes abovesaid to these present Indentures have interchangeably sett their hands and seales the day and year first above written.

“Sealed and Delivered in y pr'sence of  
 RICH: SWANN  
 W<sup>m</sup> DOUTHWAITE ”

The farm in Walton's time contained 929 acres,\* and was held by him and his son on lease for years from the Bishop of Winchester. Previous to Walton the holder was Sir Thomas Vernon, to whom leases

\* It now contains 926 acres.



were granted in 1668 and 1675. From Walton, as I have shown, it passed to Walton's son, Rector of Polshott and Canon of Salisbury Cathedral. In 1741 it was held by William Hawkins, Walton's grandson, who assigned it fourteen years later to a Mr Dawkins. In 1759 it passed to Joseph Portal, grandfather of Mr Melville Portal of Laverstoke, who enfranchised it from the Bishop of Winchester in 1859 and possesses it at the present time.

How are we to account for the change in the name of the farm, which, in the Walton leases I have referred to, is "North-hampton," otherwise called "Northampton," but which appears in Walton's will as "Norington"? It was possibly this change that prevented Sir Harris Nicolas and others following up the matter and finding and publishing Walton's lease and other facts about the farm. At first I was a good deal puzzled by the name and inclined to think that it was not "Norington" in Walton's will, but some kind of contraction for "Northampton," such as "Nrmpton." The will, which is reproduced in this edition in Walton's handwriting—it is, I think, undoubtedly his holograph—is rather cramped in appearance, but like so many old MSS., Gilbert White's among other's, it shows a care and finish which we cannot, at any rate do not, find time for nowadays. There seems to have been in our ancestors so much more of the spirit of what is worth doing is worth doing well than prevails in this time; they wrote where we scribble. "Norington," when first examined,

seemed likely to yield the results I looked for; some contraction, I thought—having in my mind “Northampton” and the Walton lease, just examined closely—must lurk in those letters. But a second examination of the word in the will, under a magnifying glass, such as is used at Somerset House, did not bear this out. “Norington” and none other was clearly the name Walton wrote. Thanks to Mr Melville Portal, who was very kind throughout those inquiries, and took pains to give all the information I sought for, the difficulty in regard to the name was soon after removed. It seems that the farm has frequently changed its name during the last two centuries. Hawkins, for instance, in his will gives “Norington,” as Walton does, and in 1759 it is assigned to Joseph Portal under the same name. In 1844 the fee simple is assigned by the Bishop of Winchester to W. Portal, uncle of the present holder, under the name “Northampton”; whilst in 1859 there is a conveyance of the reversionary interest of the See of Winchester and the fishing rights, which includes a map of the farm and calls it “Northington.”\* At the present time the farm is called “Norrington.” The derivation of the name is very far from being without interest, and if we could come to a definite conclusion in regard to it we should, I suppose, at the same time be able to end the discussion about the name Southampton. Some have derived it from

\* Near by, on the south side of the Test, is Southington, a small group of cottages contiguous to Overton.

the river Anton, believing Southampton Water to be the Antona of Tacitus ; but others have seen in it "the town of the South Hams." Woodward, in his "General History of Hampshire," says he knows of no instance earlier than the seventeenth century of the Test being called the Anton. He believed that the Trisanton of the second century and the Terstan or Tærstan of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, were the two forms under which the Romans and Saxons, respectively, pronounced the old British or Celtic name of the river. If Woodward is right, Overton would not mean "over the Anton," or Norington "north of the Anton"—for it is not to be doubted, I think, that Norington is merely a corruption of North-hampton or Northampton, which assuredly did exist before the seventeenth century.

Several years before I had any idea that the place was known to Walton, I had angled in the Test close to the house, and been charmed by the beauty and quiet of the scene. The home-stead is a square red brick house, with an admirable garden, and a lawn raised above the rich meadow through which the stream winds. It is a most comfortable-looking house, of the type we see often in agricultural England, and within a hundred yards of the Test. Mr Melville Portal says that the same house may have been standing in Walton's time, though it has undergone large repairs of late years. Since I learnt about Walton's connection with the place, I have angled there several times, and taken trout of a pound or a pound and a

quarter close to this solid old English home. One evening in particular, spent in those meadows, between Laverstoke Park and Overton, is fresh in my memory. We stayed by the river side till late, and in the lively pool beneath the little weir I hooked a trout of a pound and a quarter, which seemed to me extraordinarily strong and brilliant in his play, even for a well-fed Test fish in July; he *would* take out line, and was up and down and all about the pool before giving up the struggle. I have landed fish which have jumped out of the water more often than that one, but never a fish which, for its size, fought harder. But this very pretty little water abounds in fish of that character, and it is a triumph to take them, with the water very fine and the day bright; for though one's dun be so very small, and one's gut so very slight, they are often shy and wary. That evening was of serene beauty. It was growing dark when I made my last cast, yet not too dark for me to see the mimulus aglow by the brink of the water, and to watch the ghost moth of the summer evening over the rank herbage, so intent on his strange oscillations as to suffer me to come almost near enough to touch his satiny wings. We left the water at last, as it steamed with the white mists. We drove back to the inn by the park, where the blackcap sings so great a song through the June days, and where flourish the noble ashes, as fine in their foliage as ferns, and the sycamores with their rose-tinted keys, and where speckled marsh orchis and the

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water avens of the drooping purple flowers spring from the river-side turf; on through the beautiful village of Freefolk, and past the fragrant hedges and fields beyond, where great moths flashed and burred as the spirit of night settled over all. That is one of the unforgettable evenings of my angling life.



## THE COMPLEAT ANGLER

(BY SIR EDWARD GREY)

IT is Matthew Arnold, I think, who somewhere describes the treatment which the work of authors receives from the ever-increasing crowds of posterity. Most of it is trampled under foot, out of sight and out of mind, regardless of what was the opinion of contemporaries ; but there are some authors whose work is respectfully taken by posterity and put on one side and preserved for the interest and pleasure of a few readers in each generation ; and there are others, the very great ones, to whom temples are erected by posterity at which successive generations worship. If it were not for "The Compleat Angler" Walton would have belonged to the middle class : posterity would have preserved his work, but would have paid little attention to it. Those who read it, would have enjoyed it, but they would have been few. Posterity has done more than preserve "The Compleat Angler" ; it has built a little shrine for it, and the tribute of devotion offered there becomes more, not less, as the years go on.

It is worth our while to pause for a little and to consider why so simple a book about so slight a subject continues to receive unceasing attention long after the instruction given by it has become antiquated and been superseded by later experiences and discovery.

It is not the subject which has made the book live, for many who care nothing for angling will always read "The Compleat Angler." Is it the merit of the style then? It is truly a skilful and graceful style, with a quaintness pleasing to our ears; full of phrases, which are now unfamiliar, but which are composed of such upstanding English, of words so rightly used, that we are never for a moment in doubt of the meaning. Without this the book might not have lived, but it is not by this alone that it has lived and will survive. The great success of the book lies not in the subject, nor even in the style, but in its happiness. "Sir," says Venator, "your discourse seems to be music and charms me to an attention." This is just what the book does for us still.

The first chapter tells us the real desire and the purpose of the writer: it was to tell us why he liked angling and to recommend it to others by expressing his own pleasure in it; and it is because Walton succeeds in doing this, succeeds beyond all others who have written about angling before or since, that every generation in turn is drawn to this book by the happiness of it. "The whole discourse," says Walton, "is or rather was a picture of my own disposition, especially in such days and times, as I

have laid aside business and gone a-fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe." That is how Walton justifies what he calls "the innocent, harmless mirth" and "the pleasant part" of the book; and it is the most complete justification possible. Happiness is the chosen pursuit of the greater number of men, at any rate, of those who live outside Asia. We work from necessity; we do duty in obedience to some moral law or impulse; we pursue pleasure by choice: but Western nations expect or desire to find happiness in everything, and are impatient when they fail. Walton tells us that he found great happiness in a certain recreation, and that he will tell us all about it; he does so in a way that makes us feel it; we bless him for his happiness, and this is why numbers of people who are not anglers love "The Compleat Angler." Let anyone read the end of Chapter XXI., beginning at "Well, Scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Totnam High-Cross, I will, as we walk towards it, in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we two met together"; and if, as he reads on, he does not feel the impulse and the power in himself to be happy in the same way, may God help him, for he is, either from some defect in nature or from a bad conscience, or by excessive misfortunes, or by being a slave of some gross ambition or egotism, shut off from the greatest joy of life, and become a most unfortunate fellow. It is in the common things of nature that Walton



found that joy which so uplifts the heart that praise and blessing and gratitude burst forth spontaneously ; “and this,” he says, “and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily, and for most of them, because they are so common, most men forget to pay their praises ; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice, so pleasing to him that made that Sun, and us, and still protects us and gives us flowers, and showers, stomachs and meat, and content and leisure to go a-fishing.” Strenuous minds should go to Wordsworth ; they will find there all that there is in Walton and very much more, but surely to everybody, who is not either from some defect of sense or from some impurity of soul incapable of feeling the beauty of the world, “The Compleat Angler” will always bring rest, help, and delight. And let everybody who reads Walton read, at any rate, Wordsworth’s sonnet about him, which should be printed in every future edition of Walton’s book.

To one who is an angler, the book has charms of intimate and peculiar sympathy. Walton says : “Angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so, I mean with inclinations to it,” and the attraction and fascination which the element of water has for some people, have much to do with this matter. The spirit that moves upon the water is the same, no doubt, as that which moves over the earth ; it is the same breeze, the same light, the same sky above, but the water responds to it more visibly than the earth can do ; it yields to the spirit of the day, shares it, and

rejoices in it. This is especially so with any large expanse of still water ; it is so with running water too, but pure running water adds a life and a sound of its own which has another charm. Not everybody has felt this, for Walton's "ingenious Spaniard" says that "rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration." The distinction is a little harsh ; but Walton sets much store by the charm of water, and so does everyone who is born to be an angler. There is much very dear to every lover of Nature, and especially to North Country anglers, of which there is no description or notice in "The Compleat Angler," for Walton belonged to the South of England, and wild and distant parts of Great Britain were probably unknown to him. He found what he loved best within easy reach, and it made him so content that he did not care to explore further in the spirit of adventure. He is always amongst meadows and wild flowers, sweet scented hedges and shady trees ; if rain falls, it does so in a benign shower ; the sun is never hidden for long ; the wind is a soft breeze ; the birds are always singing ; and the streams, though fresh and pure, flow quietly. Let us love all this, and yet find our pleasure not only in the smile of Nature, but in every aspect of her, and in all variety of country. The struggling amongst rocks and rushing rivers, the strength with which the muscles of the legs and back address themselves to a long walk over desolate moors and

rough hills, the way in which the lungs rise to the effort and breathe the wind as the body leans forward against it, the overcoming of cold by exercise, even the feeling of intimacy with Nature, which comes when the skin is thoroughly soaked by summer rain, and the healthy perspiring in the bright open heat of the sun—these are not dwelt upon by Walton, though they are part of the delight of every angler who is blessed with that physical health by which Walton set so much store, and which he possessed himself. But if he does not point out to us these and other pleasures, he puts us on the right way to find and to enjoy them; he urges us to go out into the open air taking with us “a heart that watches and receives,” as Wordsworth urges us; and when, at the end of his book, Walton says, “Study to be Quiet,” he is not warning us against excitement, for excitement there must be in angling, but is reminding us not to be so carried away by it as to lose the balance of spirit and independence, and forget to observe, to contemplate, to rejoice, and to be grateful.

## A WALTON CHRONOLOGY

- 1593. Aug. 9. Birth of Walton in the Parish of St Mary, Stafford.
- 1613. . Walton appears to be living in London (v. Nicolas ; Mr Marston, however, puts forward some reasons for supposing that he came a year or two earlier).
- 1618. Nov. 12. Walton, late apprentice to Thomas Grinsell, is made a member of the Ironmongers' Company.
- 1624. . Walton is living on the north side of Fleet Street, two doors west of Chancery Lane (the house was pulled down in 1799), where, according to Hawkins, he was "said to have followed the trade of a Linnen-Draper."
- 1626. Dec. 27. Walton, described as of the "Cittie of London, Ironmonger," marries at St Mildred's, Canterbury, Rachel Floud of that town.
- 1631. March 31. Death of Walton's friend, Dr Donne ("Miraculous Donne").
- 1632. . Walton living in Chancery Lane (v. Hawkins). It is possible that he now becomes an angler.
- 1632-44. . Walton engaged in various parochial duties in the Parish of St Dunstan's.
- 1633. . Dr Donne's "Juvenilia," containing an elegy on the author by Walton, is published.
- 1634. . Walton, according to Hawkins, is living in Chancery Lane, and carrying on business as a "Sempster or Miliner." In a footnote on this statement, Hawkins says: "Ex. vet Autograph, penes me." This description of Walton does not go well with his marriage licence of 1626, in which he is described as an "Ironmonger," though it does with the statement in Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses" that before 1643 Walton was settled in London as a

- sempster, and also with the report concerning his occupation in 1624, given by Hawkins. Either Hawkins and Wood were in error—though the former expressly states he had documentary evidence—or else Walton was at one time a sempster, at another an ironmonger.
1639. . Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton, writes to Walton asking for his “ever-welcome company in this approaching time of the *Fly* and the *Cork*.”
1639. Dec. 31. Death of Walton’s friend, Sir Henry Wotton. (“His company seemed to be one of the delights of mankind.”)
1640. Aug. 22. Walton loses his first wife.
1640. . Publication of Donne’s *Sermons*, with a *Life* by Walton prefixed; John Hales of Eton speaks very highly of Walton’s performance.
1643. . This is a disputed date. Hawkins says that Walton left London about now on a small competency. (“Finding it dangerous for honest men to be there, he left that city, and lived sometimes at Stafford and elsewhere, but mostly in the families of the eminent clergy of England, by whom he was much beloved”—from the “*Athenæ Oxonienses*” of Wood, who knew him well.) Nicolas, however, shows that Walton was in London in 1650, as well as at dates between then and 1643—in Feb. 1644 he was made a vestryman of St Dunstan’s—and concludes that Walton did not leave before the Restoration.
1644. Aug. . Walton has left Chancery Lane, as shown by an entry in the St Dunstan Parish Books. On Aug. 27, 1644, a vestry meeting is held to choose a person “in the room of Isaak Walton, lately departed out of this parish and dwelling elsewhere.”
1646. . Quarle’s “*The Shepheard’s Oracles*” is published; the preface, dated 23 November 1645, is believed to be Walton’s.
- 1646 (?). . Walton marries Anne Ken.
1648. March 11. Birth of Anne, Walton’s daughter by his second marriage, who afterwards marries Dr Hawkins, Prebendary of Winchester and Rector of Droxford, Hants.
- 1650-61. . Walton is believed by Nicolas to be living at Clerkenwell.
1651. . Walton’s “*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*,” containing his own

## A WALTON CHRONOLOGY lvii

Life of Wotton, is published : "And having writ these two lives,\* I lay quiet twenty years, without a thought of either troubling myself or others, by any new engagement in this kind."

- 1651. Sept. 7. Birth of Isaac Walton, the younger, at Clerkenwell.
- 1651. . After the Battle of Worcester (Sept. 3, 1651), Walton is entrusted by Robert Milward with the duty of carrying Charles II.'s lesser George to Colonel Blague, who ultimately restores it to the King (Ashmole).
- 1653. . "The Compleat Angler" is published by Richard Marriot; Walton being sixty years of age.
- 1654. . Walton buys a small property at Shallowford, near Strafford.
- 1655. . Memorable meeting between Walton and Bishop Sanderson in London.
- 1655. . Second edition of "The Compleat Angler" is published.
- 1658. . Second impression of "The Life of Dr Donne." In his dedication Walton says that when this life was first made public it had "the approbation of our late learned and eloquent King." (Elsewhere Walton speaks of Charles I. as "the knowing and conscientious King," and as "the martyr for the Church.")
- 1660. May 29. Walton writes his "humble Eglog" to be prefixed to Alexander Brome's poems; in it appear the lines:

*"The King! the King's return'd! and now  
Let's banish all sad thoughts and sing  
We have our Laws, and have our King."*

- 1660. . After the Restoration (May 1660) Walton and his daughter, according to Dr Zouch, have apartments constantly reserved for them at the houses both of the Bishop of Winchester and the Bishop of Salisbury.
- 1661. . Third edition of "The Compleat Angler" is published.
- 1662. April 17. Death of Anne, Walton's second wife; she is buried at Worcester Cathedral, and described by Walton on the tablet erected to her as "A woman of remarkable prudence, and of the *Primitive Piety*."
- 1662. Dr Morley, Walton's friend, is made Bishop of Winchester.

\* Donne's and Wotton's.

## lviii THE COMPLEAT ANGLER

- 1662. . "The Experienc'd Angler," by Colonel Venables, formerly serving with the Parliamentary Army, is published. Walton writes to Venables praising highly the work, which he says he saw before it went to press: he calls it an "Epitome of Angling."
- 1662. Dec. . Gilbert Sheldon, Bishop of London, grants Walton a lease of a house in Paternoster Row for forty years, at a rent of forty shillings a year.
- 1664. Nov. 17. Dr King, Bishop of Chichester, writes to Walton ("Honest Isaak") alluding to their friendship of forty years' standing.
- 1665. Jan. . Walton's "Life of Hooker" is published.
- 1668. . Fourth edition of "The Compleat Angler" is published.
- 1670. . Walton's "Life of Herbert" (written at Farnham Castle) is published.
- 1670. . Walton's Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert are collected and published in one volume, with a dedication to the Bishop of Winchester.
- 1676. . Cotton relates how he has lately built "a little Fishing House" by the Dove, dedicating it to anglers, and putting over the door the first letters of "my father Walton's name and mine twisted in cypher."
- 1676. March 10. Cotton sends to Walton, for the forthcoming fifth edition of "The Compleat Angler," his "Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream": they were written in "little more than ten days."
- 1676. April 29. Walton sends to Cotton a proof of his contribution to "The Compleat Angler," saying that he will endeavour to live up to the character Cotton has given him.
- 1676. . Walton, at eighty years of age, is believed to have visited Cotton at Beresford during the cream of the fly-fishing season.
- 1676. . Fifth edition of "The Compleat Angler," the last during Walton's lifetime, is published.
- 1678. . Walton's last important work, his "Life of Sanderson," is published.
- 1679. Oct. 16. A lease of Northampton Farm, Overton, Hampshire, is granted to Walton by the Bishop of Winchester; the lease is renewed on April 16, 1683.
- 1680. Dec. 2. Walton writes to Aubrey, the Wiltshire antiquary, giving him some interesting notes concerning Ben Jonson, on the authority of the Bishop of

## A WALTON CHRONOLOGY lix

- Winchester. ("I only knew Ben Jonson: But my Lord of Winton knew him very well.")
1680.     . Two letters, called "Love and Truth," are published anonymously as a pamphlet, one of which was written in 1668, the other in 1679. Richard Herne Shepherd gives strong reasons for believing that these were Walton's. In this pamphlet Walton says that at "the beginning of the Long Parliament, 1640 . . . we were the quietest and happiest people in the Christian World." \*
1683.     . "Thealma and Clearchus" is published: "A Pastoral History, in smooth and easy Verse. Written long since, By John Chalkhill, Esq." The Preface was written by Walton in 1678.
1683. Aug. 9. Walton ("in the neintyeth yeare of my age and in perfect memory") makes his Will. (It is executed in October 1683.)
1683. Dec. 15. Walton dies at Winchester. He is buried in the Cathedral.

\* The eleven years that preceded the meeting of Charles's Fifth Parliament have been described as "eleven years of arbitrary government." Among other incidents were the death at the Tower of Eliot, the remonstrator against tonnage and poundage; the irritation of the nobility at Lord Holland's Royal Forests' Inquiry, of the City of London at the confiscation of its Ulster Settlements and the fines of the Star Chamber, of the merchants at the granting of monopolies; the trial of Hampden in regard to his refusal to pay Ship-money; the rebellion of the Scots. So the time could only be called quiet compared with the years that followed. In this pamphlet the conduct of "the Women, the Shopkeepers, and the middle-witted People," in meddling with "mysterious points in *Divinity* and Government of the *Church* and *State*," is deprecated. The Conventicle Act of 1664, forbidding religious gatherings not suffered by the Church of England, was renewed in 1670.





1668. *Fourth Edition* (16mo). This edition contained no very important changes. It was printed for Marriot, and sold by Charles Harper.
1676. *Fifth Edition* (16mo). The final and the crowning edition of Walton's life. This Fifth Edition contained a new and very important feature in Cotton's delightful "Instructions how to angle for a Trout and a Grayling in a Clear Stream," which was incorporated in the book by Walton himself, henceforth to form part and parcel of "The Compleat Angler." In some copies of this Fifth Edition, Colonel Venables' "Experienc'd Angler: or Angling Improv'd" is to be found bound up with "The Compleat Angler," the whole having the name of "The Universal Angler"; but the connection between "The Compleat Angler" and "The Experienc'd Angler" is only such as a book-binder can make. Venables' book, like Walton's, was published by Richard Marriot, the First Edition appearing in 1662. Walton knew "The Experienc'd Angler," and wrote to Venables a letter beginning thus: "Honoured Sir,—Though I never (to my knowledge) had the happiness to see your face, yet accidentally coming to a view of this Discourse before it went to the Press; I held myself obliged in point of gratitude for the great advantage I received thereby, to tender you my particular acknowledgment, especially having been for thirty years past not onely a lover but a practicer of that innocent Recreation, wherein by your judicious Precepts I find myself fitted for a higher Form." This passage, by the way, raises one very interesting point, to which brief reference is made in "A Walton Chronology." If the Venables letter, as seems at least very likely, was written in 1662,\* Walton must have become an angler about 1632, when living in Chancery Lane, or not until he was nearly forty years of age. In that case "The Compleat Angler" was the result, so far as the technical and purely angling portions of it were concerned, of an experience of twenty years.
1750. *Moses Browne's Edition*. This is a small octavo, with illustrations of angling scenes by H. Burgh. Browne's preface was written at Olney, in Bucks, of which place he was rector. He says he prepared this edition "At the Instigation of an ingenious and learned Friend whose Judgment of Men and of Books is sufficiently established by his own writings in the Opinion of the World, Mr Samuel Johnson the Author of the Folio Dictionary of the English Language, who may probably on another Occasion oblige the Publick with the Life of Mr Walton." Browne's own notes on the subject of Walton's life are slight and inaccurate,

\* It was published in the 1662 edition of Venables' book.

and he took appalling liberties with the text of "The Compleat Angler," altering or pruning away what he called its "frequent Inaccuracies and Redundancies"; yet the preface does show that Browne cared greatly for Walton, and in some respects was well fitted for the work which Johnson advised him to take up. Second and Third Editions of Browne were called for in 1659 and 1772.

1760. *Hawkins's First Edition.* This is a very important edition. It is the first which contains a sketch of Walton's life of the slightest value. It has a sketch of some length, too, of the life of Cotton; a large quantity of informing notes; Walton's Will; much general information about angling given in appendices; and a series of pictures of imaginary angling scenes drawn by Wale and engraved by Ryland, which were destined to appear in edition after edition of "The Compleat Angler" for over 130 years. It is dedicated to Edward Popham of Littlecote, near Hungerford, and in the dedication Hawkins (completely overlooking Moses Browne's Edition of 1750) speaks of his satisfaction in "having restored to the world so valuable a work," and hopes that it may "once again introduce the author to the acquaintance of persons of learning and judgment." This edition was the first of a long series of which four were brought out by Sir John Hawkins himself—namely, those of 1766, 1775, and 1784 ("large additions"); and two by his son, John Sidney Hawkins—namely, those of 1792 and 1797. In addition to these, various nineteenth-century editions were based on Hawkins's work.
1808. *Bagster's First Edition.* This is called "The Seventh Edition"—i.e. the seventh of Hawkins. Walton's punctuation has been altered, so that he may be "rendered everywhere perspicuous by a punctuation accommodated to his style." The illustrations by Wale still appear, but the old plates being worn out new ones were engraved for the book by Audinet. There are new engravings of fish, being "actual portraits of fish . . . recently captured."
1815. *Bagster's Second Edition.* Printed at Broxbourne on the Lea, in which Walton so often angled, and published in London by Samuel Bagster. It contained some notes by Sir Henry Ellis of the British Museum Library, besides Hawkins', together with some fresh information about Walton's life derived from the fine edition of the "Lives" by Dr Zouch.\* The Wale drawings reappear, but in addition there are some beautiful little plates of Walton's house in Fleet Street, the Thatch'd

\* An authority on Walton's life of rather doubtful value.

House, Amwell-Hill, etc. Altogether this is indeed a choice edition.

1823. *Major's First Edition.* R. Thomson was responsible for the editing, and the publisher, John Major, wrote for it an "Introductory Essay," which, though well meant, was unfortunate in tone and substance. Wale's pictures reappear, engraved by Cook and Pye. Westwood praises the comeliness of the edition, but lashes the publisher unsparingly for his "Introductory Essay." Fresh editions were called for in 1824 and 1835.
1836. *The Pickering (Third) Edition*, in two large volumes, edited by Sir Harris Nicolas. This fine book, illustrated by Stothard and Inskipp—the latter giving beautiful pictures of fish—was the outcome of "seven years' continuous labour." The Nicolas life of Walton is far fuller than that given by Hawkins, though Nicolas, like all other editors, had to make considerable use of Hawkins.
1844. *Major's Fourth Edition.* The Wale pictures have at length disappeared—for a period—and in their place are new ones, "executed perfectly *con amore*" by the painter John Absolon, and the engraver J. T. Willmore. There are also other wood engravings from drawings by T. Creswick and others.
1847. *Bethune's Edition.* This, the first American edition, published in New York, contains a great quantity of notes signed "American Editor," besides others selected from previous editions of "The Compleat Angler," and a long "Bibliographical Preface." Bethune gives all the variations between the first five editions published during Walton's life. In the "Advertisement to the American Edition," we are told that "the American Editor has made a pleasant recreation of preparing the work anew for the American public, with all the additional literary information which a long acquaintance with his author and an extensive library enabled him to gather; the references, with few exceptions, having been verified by his own search."
1853. "*Ephemera's*" *Edition.* This appeared as a volume of the series of cheap books called "The Illustrated National Library." In the "Advertisement," "Ephemera" (Edward Fitzgibbon) announces that he has written "by means of footnotes and complementary essays to chapters, a complete modern treatise on the different branches of angling." He says that he has respected "the primitive purity" of the text in "The Compleat Angler": unhappily he laid a rough hand too often on its author. "Ephemera's" edition was reprinted several times, and it is mentioned in "Walton and Some Earlier Writers on Fish and Fishing" that, notes and all, it was translated into German.

1876. *Elliot Stock's fac-simile reprint* of the first edition of "The Compleat Angler."
1888. *The Dovedale Edition*, edited by Mr R. B. Marston. This, described as "the hundreth edition," is a large and important work, illustrated by many photo-engraved plates of Lea and Dove scenery, and small woodcuts, there being a large paper as well as the ordinary edition. In his Introduction the editor points out that Walton was an ironmonger in 1626, as proved by his marriage licence with Rachael Floud of Canterbury. This edition contains Thomas Westwood's bibliographic work, "The Chronicle of 'The Compleat Angler'" (1864), with additions.
1889. *Lowell's Edition*, published at Boston, U.S.A. This edition contains a most interesting preface by James Russell Lowell, and notes also by him. Etchings by Harlow of the scenery of the Lea, Thames, and Dove, and some of Absolon's and Inskipp's drawings constitute the illustrations.
1893. *Mr Harting's Edition*. An edition in two small quarto volumes, edited, with notes from a naturalist's point of view, by Mr J. E. Harting, Librarian to the Linnæan Society of London. The illustrations of animal life are by Mr G. C. Lodge. The Wale drawings reappear, and there are also original illustrations by Mr Percy Thomas. This is called "The Tercentenary Edition."
1896. *Mr Le Gallienne's Edition*. This edition appeared originally in monthly parts. It has an introduction by Mr Le Gallienne, and the numerous illustrations are by Mr H. New. The spelling has been modernised.
1896. *Mr Andrew Lang's Edition*. The preface and notes are by Mr Lang, and the illustrations by Mr A. J. Sullivan. The spelling has been modernised.
1898. *The Oxford University Press Edition*. No preface or notes. Size  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ins. in length by  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in breadth: weight, five-eighths of an ounce.
1902. *The Winchester Edition*.

## WALTONIANA

1864. "*The Chronicle of 'The Compleat Angler.'*" By Thomas Westwood. (Sotheran.) A most lively account of the editions of "The Compleat Angler" published up to that date. Westwood was a keen collector of editions of Walton and of angling books generally, and a delightful writer. The comment of the "Chronicle" is very free, and some of the editors of "The Compleat Angler" are lashed unsparingly; whilst the loving labours of others, notably of Sir Harris Nicolas, are somewhat belittled. Yet the little book is brilliantly written, and shows such a complete knowledge of the bibliography of Walton that it is indispensable to collectors and lovers of Waltoniana.

Writing to me a year or so ago concerning Walton, and this edition in which he was so kind as to be interested, the late Mr A. N. Cheney, well known for his strenuous work in connection with the fisheries and forests of the United States, sent me, to print if I liked, a letter of Westwood's. I include with it some remarks by Mr Cheney himself:

"Without doubt the early settlers in America brought with them a love of angling which had been bred in them in the Old World, and this love descended to their children, augmented perhaps in greater or less degree. Walton must have been their great apostle, and it pleases me to believe that his influence was a softening, refining influence in the field of fish-taking in the New World; and early Colonial laws show beyond question that this influence was at work to protect fish by legislation, to cause an observance of the breeding season, and curtail the engines of destruction employed to take fish wholesale, and inculcate a desire for the more artistic angling with rod and line.

"'Walton in America' always brings to my mind a paragraph in one of many letters written to me years ago by one whom I loved to regard as the Walton of the nineteenth century, gentle, kindly Thomas Westwood, author

of the 'Chronicle of "The Compleat Angler."' The particular letter is dated Nov. 27th, 1884, and this is the passage I refer to:

"I fear that I shall be setting up an angling library again. I, that renounced the luxury years ago, and scattered my thousand volumes over the world. New York got the best of them. I think New York gets the best of most rare and curious things nowadays. I have never ceased to regret having parted with my collection. I had no intention of parting with it.

"Blackstoned be the day, when that insinuating and pertinacious E—— of Bond Street rang at my bell and found me at home, and administered a philter to my unconscious self (he must have administered a philter!—A. N. C.), which so stupefied my senses that he appropriated then and there my 'little ones, all my little ones,' and left me a desolate duffer, or Macduffer, if you prefer it. Moral: Never part with a collection if it is a good one. Good things, rare things, curious things are sure to increase in value, besides being a joy forever."

1878. "*Waltoniana. Inedited Remains in Verse and Prose of Izaak Walton.*" With notes and preface by Richard Herne Shepherd. (Pickering.) A collection of fugitive pieces, by Walton, including various short poems, prefaces, and dedications, admirably arranged and edited. The preface is charming, and the notes throughout those of an accomplished scholar. Richard Herne Shepherd, like Westwood, was a true lover of literature. The preface insists strongly on the probability of Walton being the author of the two interesting letters, called "Love and Truth," published in 1680, which bear on the political and religious disputes of the day.

1894. "*Walton and Some Earlier Writers on Fish and Fishing.*" By R. B. Marston. (Elliot Stock.) A most pleasant book of gossip and lore relating to Walton and his angling predecessors and contemporaries. This volume contains much information about the principal editions of "The Compleat Angler"; the value of the early editions—a set of the first five editions, sold in 1898, at the Wellington Street Rooms, realised £800—and events in the life of Walton. The character of the book is best described in the author's own words as a "rambling little excursion among some old angling writers." Like Thomas Westwood's "Chronicle," and Richard Herne Shepherd's "Waltoniana," it should be on the shelves of every collector of angling books.

Walton's will is at Somerset House; his Prayer-Book is at the British Museum; the counterpart, signed and sealed by himself, of the 1683 renewal of the lease of Northampton Farm, Overton, Hants, is at the offices of the Ecclesiastical Commission; the well-known portrait of Walton by Huysman is at the National Portrait Gallery; and the following books, having his name in them, are in Salisbury Cathedral Library:—

- Antoninus, Marc. Aur.—“His Meditations conc. Himself.” Translated by Meric Casaubon.  
 Bacon’s Essays.  
 Camerarius, Ph.—“The Living Library.” Translated by John Molle.  
 Cowley’s Works.  
 Cowper, Bishop of Galloway—“Heaven opened.”  
 Donne’s Sermons.  
 Fuller’s “Abel Redivivus.”  
 Godwin’s “Exposition of the Roman Antiquities.”  
 — “Moses and Aaron” (in same vol.).  
 Heylin’s “Parable of the Tares Expounded.”  
 — “Microcosmus.”  
 Hooker’s Works; with Life, by I. Walton. 1666 fol.  
 Mornay, Ph.—“A Work conc. the Trueness of the Christian Religion.”  
 Translated by Sir P. Sidney and Arthur Golding.  
 Ovid’s “Metamorphoses.” Englished by Geo. Sandys.  
 Perkins, W.—“Treatise of the Cases of Conscience,” etc.  
 Reynolds, Edw.—“A Treatise of the Passions and Faculties of the Soul.”  
 Shute, Josiah—“Divine Cordials.”  
 Sibbes—“Bowels opened.”  
 — “The Returning Backslider.”  
 — “The Saints’ Cordials.”  
 Symson, Patrick.—“History of the Church.”

In reply to some questions I asked him, Mr Lakin, the librarian, in giving me the above list of Walton’s books, very kindly wrote as follows:—

“THE CLOSE, SALISBURY, 23 *March* 1901.—I enclose a list of volumes which have Walton’s name in them; but I am not confident that they are all autographs. In one instance Isaak is spelt with only one *a*. Sometimes the *J* (*i.e.* I) is ornamented with flourishes; and so is the final letter of Walton. In two of the three vols. written by Sibbes the following couplet occurs, apparently in Walton’s handwriting:—

‘Of this blest man let this just praise be given,  
 Heaven was in him before he was in heaven.’

In one case it is written just above a portrait of Sibbes: in the other case it is separated from Walton’s signature by an upright line. Several of the volumes have Walton’s son’s name, who probably gave them, as well as others, to the Library, as he was a Canon-Residentiary of the Cathedral. But I possess no record of any of the bequests to the Library beyond the names which were written in them by donors.”



## SONNET BY WORDSWORTH

1  
WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN "THE COMPLEAT ANGLER"

*While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,  
Shall live thy name, meek Walton : Sage benign !  
Whose pen the mysteries of rod and line  
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort  
To reverent watching of each still report  
That Nature utters from her rural shrine.  
O, nobly versed in simple discipline,  
Who found'st the longest summer day too short,  
To thy loved pastime given by sedgy Lea,  
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford's brook—  
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,  
Are cowslip bank and shady willow-tree,  
And the fresh meads—where flowed, from every nook  
Of thy full bosom, gladsome Piety !*



To the Right worshipful

*JOHN OFFLEY*

Of *Madely* Manor in the County  
of *Stafford*, Esq;

My most honoured Friend.

*SIR,*

I Have made so ill use of your former favours, as by them to be encouraged to intreat that they may be enlarged to the *Patronage* and *protection* of this Book; and I have put on a modest confidence, that I shall not be deny'd, because it is a Discourse of *Fish* and *Fishing*, which you know so well, and both love and practise so much.

You are assured (though there be ignorant men of another belief) that *Angling* is an *Art*; and

you know that *Art* better than others; and that this is truth is demonstrated by the fruits of that pleasant labour which you enjoy when you purpose to give rest to your mind, and devest your self of your more serious business, and (which is often) dedicate a day or two to this *Recreation*.

At which time if *common Anglers* should attend you, and be eye witnesses of the success, not of your *fortune* but your *skill*, it would doubtless beget in them an emulation to be like you, and that emulation might beget an industrious diligence to be so; but I know it is not attainable by common capacities. And there be now many men of great *wisdom*, *learning* and *experience* which love and practise this *Art*, that know I speak the truth.

*Sir*, This pleasant curiosity of Fish and Fishing, (of which you are so great a Master) has been thought worthy the *Pens* and *Practises* of divers in other Nations, that have been reputed men of great *Learning* and *Wisdom*, and amongst those of this Nation, I remember Sir *Henry Wotton* (a dear lover of this *Art*) has told me that his intentions were to write a Discourse of the *Art*, and in praise of *Angling*, and doubtless he had done so, if death had not prevented him; the remembrance of which hath often made me sorry, for if he had lived to do it, then the unlearned *Angler* had seen some better Treatise of this *Art*, a Treatise that might have prov'd worthy his perusal, which (though some have undertaken) I could never yet see in English.

But mine may be thought as *weak*, and as

*"Sir Henry Wotton had doubtless written a discourse  
in praise of Angling if death had not prevented him"*









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## DEDICATORY

3

*unworthy* of common view ; and I do here freely confess, that I should rather excuse my self, than censure others, my own Discourse being liable to so many exceptions ; against which you (Sir) might make this one, *That it can contribute nothing to your Knowledge.* And lest a longer Epistle may diminish your pleasure, I shall make this no longer than to add this following Truth, *That I am really,*

SIR,

*Your most affectionate Friend,*

*and most humble Servant,*

Iz. WA.



To all Readers of this Discourse, but especially to  
the honest *ANGLER*.

**I** *Think fit to tell thee these following truths, That I did neither undertake, nor write, nor publish, and much less own, this Discourse to please my self: and having been too easily drawn to do all to please others, as I propos'd not the gaining of credit by this undertaking, so I would not willingly lose any part of that to which I had a just title before I begun it, and do therefore desire and hope, if I deserve not commendations, yet, I may obtain pardon.*

*And though this Discourse may be liable to some Exceptions, yet I cannot doubt but that most Readers may receive so much pleasure or profit by it, as may make it worthy the time of their perusal, if they be not too grave or too busie men. And this is all the confidence that I can put on concerning the merit of what is here offered to their consideration and censure; and if the last prove too severe, as I have a liberty, so I am resolv'd to use it and neglect all sower Censures.*

*And I wish the Reader also to take notice, that in writing of it I have made my self a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to him, and not read dull and tediously, I have in several places mixt (not any scurrility, but) some innocent, harmless mirth; of which, if thou be a severe, sower-complexion'd man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge; for Divines say, There are offences given, and offences not given but taken.*

*And I am the willingest to justifie the pleasant part of it, because though it is known I can be serious at seasonable times, yet the whole discourse is, or rather was, a picture of my own disposition, especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a fishing with honest Nat.*

and R. Roe ; but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow, that passeth away, and returns not.

And next let me add this, that he that likes not the book should like the excellent picture of the Trout, and some of the other fish ; which I may take a liberty to commend, because they concern not my self.

Next let me tell the Reader, that in that which is the more useful part of this Discourse, that is to say, the observations of the nature and breeding, and seasons, and catching of Fish, I am not so simple as not to know, that a captious Reader may find exceptions against something said of some of these ; and therefore I must entreat him to consider, that experience teaches us to know, that several Countries alter the time, and I think almost the manner, of fishes breeding, but doubtless of their being in season ; as may appear by three Rivers in Monmouthshire, namely Severn, Wie, and Usk, where Cambden (Brit. f., 633.) observes, that in the River Wie, Salmon are in season from Sept. to April, and we are certain, that in Thames and Trent, and in most other Rivers they be in season the six hotter months.

Now for the Art of catching fish, that is to say, how to make a man that was none, to be an Angler by a book ? he that undertakes it shall undertake a harder task, than Mr. Hales (a most valiant and excellent Fencer) who in a printed book called, A private School of Defence) undertook to teach that art or science, and was laugh'd at for his labour. Not but that many useful things might be learnt by that book, but he was laugh'd at, because that art was not to be taught by words, but practice : and so must Angling. And note also, that in this Discourse I do not undertake to say all that is known, or may be said of it, but I undertake to acquaint the Reader with many things that are not usually known to every Angler ; and I shall leave gleanings and observations enough to be made out of the experience of all that love and practise this recreation, to which I shall encourage them. For Angling may be said to be so like the Mathematicks, that it can ne'r be fully learnt ; at least not so fully, but that there will still be more new experiments left for the tryal of other men that succeed us.

But I think all that love this game may here learn something that may be worth their money, if they be not poor and needy men ; and in case they be, I then wish them to forbear to buy it ; for I write not to get money, but for pleasure, and this Discourse boasts of no more ; for I hate to promise much, and deceive the Reader.

And however it proves to him, yet I am sure I have found a high

*content in the search and conference of what is here offer'd to the Readers view and censure : I wish him as much in the perusal of it, and so I might here take my leave, but will stay a little and tell him, that whereas it is said by many, that in flye-fishing for a Trout, the Angler must observe his 12 several flies for the twelve months of the year ; I say, he that follows that rule, shall be as sure to catch fish, and, be as wise, as he that makes Hay by the fair days in an Almanack, and no surer ; for those very flies that use to appear about and on the water in one month of the year, may the following year come almost a month sooner or later ; as the same year proves colder or hotter ; and yet in the following Discourse I have set down the twelve flies that are in reputation with many Anglers, and they may serve to give him some observations concerning them. And he may note that there are in Wales and other Countries, peculiar flies, proper to the particular place or Country ; and doubtless, unless a man makes a flye to counterfeit that very flye in that place, he is like to lose his labour, or much of it : But for the generality, three or four flies neat and rightly made, and not too big, serve for a Trout in most Rivers all the Summer. And for Winter flye-fishing it is as useful as an Almanack out of date. And of these (because as no man is born an artist, so no man is born an Angler) I thought fit to give thee this notice.*

*When I have told the Reader, that in this fifth Impression there are many enlargements, gathered both by my own observation, and the communication with friends, I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following Discourse ; and that (if he be an honest Angler) the East wind may never blow when he goes a Fishing.*

*J. W.*

*To my dear Brother Mr Izaak Walton, upon his  
Compleat Angler.*

**E***Rasmus* in his learned Colloquies  
Has mixt some toys, that by varieties  
He might entice all Readers : for in him  
Each *child* may wade, or tallest *giant* swim.  
And such is this Discourse : there's none so low,  
Or highly learn'd, to whom hence may not flow  
Pleasure and information : both which are  
Taught us with so much art, that I might swear  
Safely, the choicest Critick cannot tell,  
Whether your matchless judgment most excell  
In *Angling* or its *praise* : where commendation  
First charms, then makes an *art* a *recreation*.

'Twas so to me : who *saw* the chearful *Spring*  
Pictur'd in every *meadow*, heard *birds* sing  
*Sonnets* in every *grove*, saw *fishes* play  
In the cool *crystal streams*, like *lambs* in *May* :  
And they may play, till *Anglers* read this *book* ;  
But after, 'tis a wise *fish* scapes a *hook*.

*Jo. Floud, Mr. of Arts.*

To the Reader of the *Compleat Angler*.

FIRST mark the Title well ; my Friend that gave it  
Has made it good ; this book deserves to have it.  
For he that views it with judicious looks,  
Shall find it full of *art, baits, lines, and books*.

The *world* the *river* is, both you and I,  
And all mankind are either *fish* or *fry* :  
If we pretend to reason, first or last  
His baits will tempt us, and his hooks hold fast.  
Pleasure or profit, either prose or rhyme,  
If not at first, will doubtless take's in time.

Here sits in secret blest *Theology*,  
Waited upon by grave *Philosophy*,  
Both *natural* and *moral, History*  
Deck'd and adorn'd with flowers of *Poetry*,  
The matter and expression striving which  
Shall most excell in worth, yet not seem rich :  
There is no danger in his *baits*, that *hook*  
Will prove the safest, that is surest took.

Nor are we caught alone, but (which is best)  
We shall be wholsom, and be toothsom drest :  
Drest to be fed, not to be fed upon ;  
And danger of a surfeit here is none.

The solid food of serious Contemplation  
Is sauc'd here with such harmless recreation,  
That an *ingenuous* and *religious* mind  
Cannot inquire for more than it may find  
Ready at once prepar'd, either t' excite  
Or satisfy a curious appetite.

More praise is due ; for 'tis both positive  
And truth, which once was interrogative,  
And utter'd by the Poet then in jest,  
*Et piscatorem piscis amare potest.*

*Ch. Harvie, Mr. of Arts.*



*To my dear Friend, Mr. Iz. Walton, in praise of  
Angling, which we both love.*

Down by this smooth streams wandering side,  
Adorn'd & perfum'd with the pride  
Of *Flora's* Wardrobe, where the shrill  
Aerial Quire express their skill,  
First in alternate melody,  
And then in Chorus all agree.  
Whilst the charm'd fish, as extasi'd  
With sounds, to his own throat deni'd,  
Scorns his dull Element, and springs  
I' th' air, as if his Fins were wings.

Tis here that pleasures sweet and high  
Prostrate to our embraces lye.  
Such as to Body, Soul or Fame  
Create no sickness, sin or shame.  
Roses not fenc'd with pricks grow here,  
No sting to th' Hony-bag is near.  
But (what's perhaps their prejudice)  
They difficulty want and price  
An obvious Rod, a twist of hair,  
With hook hid in an insect, are  
Engines of sport, would fit the wish  
O' th' Epicure and fill his dish.

In this clear stream let fall a *Grub*.  
And straight take up a *Dace* or *Chub*.  
Ith' mud your worm provokes a *Snig*,  
Which being fast, if it prove big  
The *Gotham* folly will be found  
Discreet, e're ta'ne she must be drown'd.  
The *Tench* (Physician of the Brook)  
In yon dead hole expects your hook,  
Which having first your pastime been,  
Serves then for meat or medicine.  
Ambush'd behind that root doth stay  
A *Pike*, to catch and be a prey.  
The treacherous Quill in this slow stream  
Betrays the hunger of a *Bream*.  
And at that nimbler Ford, (no doubt)  
Your false flie cheats a speckled *Trout*.

When you these creatures wisely chuse  
To practise on, which to your use  
Owe their creation, and when  
Fish from your arts do rescue men ;  
To plot, delude, and circumvent,  
Ensnare and spoil, is innocent.  
Here by these crystal streams you may  
Preserve a Conscience clear as they ;  
And when by sullen thoughts you find  
Your harassed, not busied, mind  
In sable melancholy clad,  
Distemper'd, serious, turning sad ;  
Hence fetch your cure, cast in your bait,  
All anxious thoughts and cares will straight  
Fly with such speed, they'l seem to be  
Possess with the *Hydrophobie*.

The waters calmness in your breast,  
And smoothness on your brow shall rest.

Away with sports of charge and noise,  
And give me cheap and silent joys,  
Such as *Actæons* game pursue,  
Their fate oft makes the Tale seem true.  
The sick or sullen *Hawk* to day  
Flies not ; to morrow, quite away.  
Patience and Purse to Cards and Dice  
Too oft are made a sacrifice :  
The Daughters dower, th' inheritance  
O' th' son, depend on one mad chance.  
The harms and mischiefs which th' abuse  
Of wine doth every day produce,  
Make good the Doctrine of the *Turks*,  
That in each grape a devil lurks.  
And by yon fading sapless tree,  
Bout which the *Ivy* twin'd you see,  
His fate's foretold, who fondly places  
His bliss in womans soft embraces.  
All pleasures, but the Anglers, bring  
I' th' tail repentance like a sting.

Then on these banks let me sit down,  
Free from the toilsom Sword and Gown,  
And pity those that do affect  
To conquer Nations and protect.  
My Reed affords such true content,  
Delights so sweet and innocent,  
As seldom fall unto the lot  
Of Scepters, though they'r *justly got*.

To the Readers of my most ingenuous Friends Book,  
The Compleat Angler.

*He* that both knew and writ the lives of men,  
Such as were once, but must not be agen :  
Witness his matchless *Donne* and *Wotton*, by  
Whose aid he could their speculations try :  
*He* that convers'd with *Angels*, such as were  
*Ouldsworth* and *Featly*, each a shining star  
Shewing the way to *Betblem* ; each a Saint ;  
(Compar'd to whom our *Zelots* now but paint)  
*He* that our pious and learn'd *Morley* knew,  
And from him suck'd *wit* and *devotion* too :  
*He* that from these such excellencies fetch'd,  
That *He* could tell how high and far they reach'd ;  
What learning this, what graces th' other had ;  
And in what several dress each soul was clad.

*Reader*, this *HE*, this *Fisherman* comes forth,  
And in these Fishers weeds would shroud his worth.  
Now his mute Harp is on a Willow hung,  
With which when finely toucht, & fitly strung,  
He could friends passions for these times allay ;  
Or chain his fellow-*Anglers* from their prey.

But now the musick of his pen is still,  
 And he sits by a brook watching a quill :  
 Where with a fixt eye, and a ready hand,  
 He studies first to hook, and then to land  
 Some *Trout*, or *Pearch*, or *Pike* ; and having done,  
 Sits on a Bank, and tells how this was won,  
 And that escap'd his hook ; which with a wile  
 Did eat the bait, and Fisherman beguile.  
 Thus whilst some vex they from their lands are  
 thrown,  
 He joys to think the waters are his own,  
 And like the *Dutch*, he gladly can agree  
 To live at peace now, and have *fishing* free.

April 3. 1650.

*Edw. Powel*, Mr. of Arts.

*To my dear Brother, Mr. Iz. Walton, on his  
 Compleat Angler.*

THIS Book is so like you, and you like it,  
 For harmless Mirth, Expression, Art & Wit,  
 That I protest ingenuously 'tis true,  
 I love this Mirth, Art, Wit, the Book and You.

*Rob. Floud*, C.

Clarissimo amicissimoq ; Fratri, Domino *Isaaco*  
*Walton*, Artis Piscatoriæ peritissimo.

**U***NICUS est Medicus reliquorum piscis, & istis*  
*Fas quibus est Medicum tangere, certa salus.*  
*Hic typus est Salvatoris mirandus Jesu,*  
*b Littera mysterium quælibet hujus habet.*  
*Hunc cupio, hunc capias (bone frater Arundinis ἰχθὺν)*  
*q Solveret hic pro me debita, teque Deo.*  
*Piscis is est, & piscator (mihi credito) qualem*  
*Vel piscatorem piscis amare velit.*

q Mat. 17. 27. the  
last words of the  
Chapter.

b ἰχθὺς	<i>Piscis</i>
I Ἰησοῦς	<i>Jesus.</i>
X Χριστός	<i>Christus,</i>
θ Θεοῦ	<i>Dei</i>
υ Ὑἱός	<i>Filius.</i>
σ σωτὴρ	<i>Salvator.</i>

Henry Bayley, *Artium Magister.*

his journey ; he came so lately into my company, that I have scarce had time to ask him the question.

*Auceps.* Sir, I shall by your favour bear you company as far as *Theobalds*, and there leave you, for then I turn up to a friends house who mews a Hawk for me, which I now long to see.

*Venat.* Sir, we are all so happy as to have a fine, fresh, cool morning, and I hope we shall each be the happier in the others company. And Gentlemen, that I may not lose yours, I shall either abate or amend my pace to enjoy it ; knowing that (as the Italians say) *Good company in a Journey makes the way to seem the shorter.*

*Auceps.* It may do so Sir, with the help of good discourse, which methinks we may promise from you that both look and speak so chearfully : and for my part I promise you, as an invitation to it, that I will be as free and openhearted, as discretion will allow me to be with strangers.

*Ven.* and Sir, I promise the like.

*Pisc.* I am right glad to hear your answers, and in confidence you speak the truth, I shall put on a boldness to ask you Sir, Whether business or pleasure caused you to be so early up, and walk so fast, for this other Gentleman hath declared he is going to see a Hawk, that a friend mews for him.

*Ven.* Sir mine is a mixture of both, a little business and more pleasure, for I intend this day to do all my business, and then bestow another day or two in hunting the *Otter*, which a friend that I go to meet, tells me, is much pleasanter than any other chase whatsoever ; howsoever I mean to try it ; for

to morrow morning we shall meet a pack of Otter dogs of *noble Mr Sadlers* upon *Amwell bill*, who will be there so early, that they intend to prevent the Sun-rising.

*Pisc.* Sir, my fortune has answered my desires, and my purpose is to bestow a day or two in helping to destroy some of those villanous vermin, for I hate them perfectly, because they love fish so well, or rather, because they destroy so much ; indeed so much, that in my judgment all men that keep *Otter-dogs* ought to have pensions from the King to encourage them to destroy the very breed of those base *Otters*, they do so much mischief.

*Ven.* But what say you to the Foxes of the Nation, would not you as willingly have them destroyed ? for doubtless they do as much mischief as *Otters* do.

*Pisc.* Oh Sir, if they do, it is not so much to me and my fraternity as those base Vermine the *Otters* do.

*Auc.* Why Sir, I pray, of what Fraternity are you, that you are so angry with the poor *Otters*.

*Pisc.* I am (Sir) a brother of the *Angle*, and therefore an enemy to the *Otter* : for you are to note, that we Anglers all love one another, and therefore do I hate the *Otter* both for my own and for their sakes who are of my brotherhood.

*Ven.* And I am a lover of Hounds ; I have followed many a pack of dogs many a mile, and heard many merry huntsmen make sport and scoff at Anglers.

*Auc.* And I profess myself a Faulkner, and have



heard many grave, serious men pity them, 'tis such a heavy, contemptible, dull recreation.

*Pisc.* You know Gentlemen, 'tis an easie thing to scoff at any Art or Recreation ; a little *wit* mixt with ill nature, confidence and *malice* will do it ; but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught even in their own trap, according to that of *Lucian*, the father of the family of Scoffers.

*Lucian well skill'd in scoffing, this hath writ,  
Friend, that's your folly which you think your wit :  
This you vent oft, void both of wit and fear,  
Meaning another, when, your self you jeer.*

If to this you add what *Solomon* says of Scoffers, that they are abomination to mankind. Let him that thinks fit scoff on, and be a Scoffer still, but I account them enemies to me, and to all that love vertue and Angling.

And for you that have heard many grave serious men pity Anglers ; let me tell you Sir, there be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men, which we contemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because Nature hath made them of a sowre complexion, money-getting-men, men that spend all their time first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it ; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busie or discontented : for these poor-rich-men, we Anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think our selves so happy. No, no, Sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of

such dispositions, and as the learned and ingenuous \* *Mountagne* sayes like himself. In Apol. for Ra. Scheud.  
 freely, [‘ When my Cat and I entertain each  
 ‘ other with mutual apish tricks (*as playing with a*  
 ‘ *garter*) who knows but that I make my Cat more  
 ‘ sport than she makes me ? shall I conclude her to be  
 ‘ simple, that has her time to begin or refuse to play  
 ‘ as freely as I my self have ? Nay, who knowes but  
 ‘ that it is a defect of my not understanding her lan-  
 ‘ guage (for doubtless Cats talk and reason with one  
 ‘ another) that we agree no better : and who knows  
 ‘ but that she pitties me for being no wiser, than to  
 ‘ play with her, and laughs and censures my follie for  
 ‘ making sport for her when we too play together ?

Thus freely speaks *Mountaigne* concerning Cats, and I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame any man, and laugh at him too let him be never so grave, that hath not heard what Anglers can say in the justification of their Art and Recreation ; which I may again tell you is so full of pleasure, that we need not borrow their thoughts to think our selves happy.

*Venat.* Sir, you have almost amazed me, for though I am no scoffer, yet I have (I pray let me speak it without offence) alwayes looked upon Anglers as more patient and more simple men, than I fear I shall find you to be.

*Pisc.* Sir, I hope you will not judge my earnestness to be impatience : and for my *simplicity*, if by that you mean a harmlessness, or that simplicity which was usually found in the primitive Christians, who were (as most Anglers are) quiet men, and

followers of peace ; men that were so simply-wise, as not to sell their Consciences to buy riches, and with them vexation and a fear to die, If you mean such simple men as lived in those times when there were fewer Lawyers? when men might have had a Lordship safely conveyed to them in a piece of Parchment no bigger than your hand, (though several sheets will not do it safely in this wiser age) I say Sir, if you take us Anglers to be such simple men as I have spoke of, then my self and those of my profession will be glad to be so understood : But if by simplicity you meant to express a general defect in those that profess and practise the excellent Art of Angling, I hope in time to disabuse you, and make the contrary appear so evidently, that if you will but have patience to hear me, I shall remove all the Anticipations that discourse, or time, or prejudice have possess'd you with against that laudable and ancient art ; for I know it is worthy the *knowledge* and *practise* of a wise man.

But (Gentlemen) though I be able to do this, I am not so unmannerly as to ingross all the discourse to my self ; and therefore, you two having declared your selves, the one to be a lover of *Hawks*, the other of *Hounds*, I shall be most glad to hear what you can say in the commendation of that recreation which each of you love and practise ; and having heard what you can say, I shall be glad to exercise your attention with what I can say concerning my own Recreation & Art of Angling, and by this means, we shall make the way to seem the shorter : and if you like my motion, I would have Mr. *Faulkner* to begin.

*Auc.* Your motion is consented to with all my heart, and to testifie it, I will begin as you have desired me.

And first, for the Element that I use to trade in, which is the Air, an Element of more worth than weight, an Element that doubtless exceeds both the Earth and Water ; for though I sometimes deal in both. yet the Air is most properly mine, I and my Hawks use that most, and it yields us most recreation ; it stops not the high soaring of my noble generous *Falcon* ; in it she ascends to such an height, as the dull eyes of beasts and fish are not able to reach to ; their bodies are too gross for such high elevations : in the Air my troops of Hawks soar up on high, and when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the gods, therefore I think my *Eagle* is so justly styled, *Joves servant in Ordinary* : and that very *Falcon*, that I am now going to see deserves no meaner a title, for she usually in her flight endangers her self, (like the son of *Dædalus*) to have her wings scorch'd by the Suns heat, she flyes so near it, but her mettle makes her careless of danger, for she then heeds nothing, but makes her nimble Pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her high way over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and in her glorious carere looks with contempt upon those high Steeples and magnificent Palaces which we adore and wonder at ; from which height I can make her to descend by a word from my mouth (which she both knows and obeys) to accept of meat from my hand, to own me for her Master, to go home with me, and be willing the next day to afford me the like recreation.

And more ; this Element of Air which I profess to trade in, the worth of it is such, and it is of such necessity, that no creature whatsoever, not only those numerous creatures that feed on the face of the Earth, but those various creatures that have their dwelling within the waters, every creature that hath life in its nostrils stands in need of my Element. The Waters cannot preserve the Fish without Air, witness the not breaking of Ice in an extream Frost ; the reason is, for that if the inspiring and expiring Organ of any animal be stopt, it suddenly yields to Nature, and dies. Thus necessary is Air to the existence both of Fish and Beasts, nay, even to Man himself ; that Air or breath of life with which God at first inspired Mankind, he, if he wants it, dies presently, becomes a sad object to all that loved and beheld him, and in an instant turns to putrefaction.

Nay more, the very birds of the air, (those that be not Hawks) are both so many, and so useful and pleasant to mankind, that I must not let them pass without some observations : They both feed and refresh him ; feed him with their choice bodies, and refresh him with their Heavenly voices. I will not undertake to mention the several kinds of Fowl by which this is done ; and his curious palate pleased by day, and which with their very excrements afford him a soft lodging at night. These I will pass by, but not those little nimble Musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious Ditties, with which Nature hath furnished them to the shame of Art.

As first the *Lark*, when she means to rejoyce ; to chear her self and those that hear her, she then quits

the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her Heavenly imployment, grows then mute and sad to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

How do the *Black-bird* and *Thrassell* with their melodious voices bid welcome to the chearful Spring, and in their fixed Months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to?

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as namely the *Leverock*, the *Tit-lark*, the little *Linnet*, and the honest *Robin*, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the *Nightingale* (another of my Airy Creatures) breathes such sweet loud musick out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think Miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight (when the very labourer sleeps securely) should hear (as I have very often) the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say; Lord, what Musick hast thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such musick on Earth!

And this makes me the less to wonder at the many *Aviaries* in *Italy*, or at the great charge of *Varro* his *Aviarie*, the ruines of which are yet to be seen in *Rome*, and is still so famous there, that it is reckoned for one of those Notables which men of forraign Nations either record, or lay up in their memories when they return from travel.

This for the birds of pleasure, of which very

much more might be said. My next shall be of Birds of Political use ; I think 'tis no to be doubted that Swallows have been taught to carry Letters betwixt two Armies. But 'tis certain that when the Turks besieged *Malta* or *Rhodes* (I now remember not which 'twas) *Pigeons* are then related to carry and recarry Letters. And Mr. G. *Sandis* in his Travels (*fol.* 269.) relates it to be done betwixt *Aleppo* and *Babylon*. But if that be disbelieved, 'tis not to be doubted that the *Dove* was sent out of the Ark by *Noah*, to give him notice of Land, when to him all appeared to be Sea ; and the *Dove* proved a faithful and comfortable messenger. And for the Sacrifices of the Law, a pair of *Turtle Doves* or young *Pigeons* were as well accepted as costly *Bulls* and *Rams*. And when God would feed the Prophet *Elijah*, (1 *King.* 17.) after a kind of miraculous manner he did it by *Ravens*, who brought him meat morning and evening. Lastly, the Holy Ghost when he descended visibly upon our Saviour, did it by assuming the shape of a *Dove*. And, to conclude this part of my discourse, pray remember these wonders were done by birds of the Air, the Element in which they and I take so much pleasure.

There is also a little contemptible winged Creature (an Inhabitant of my Aerial Element) namely, the laborious *Bee*, of whose *Prudence*, *Policy* and regular Government of their own Commonwealth I might say much, as also of their several kinds, and how useful their honey and wax is both for meat and Medicines to mankind ; but I will leave them to their sweet labour, without the least disturbance,

believing them to be all very busie at this very time amongst the herbs and flowers that we see nature puts forth this *May* morning.

And now to return to my Hawks from whom I have made too long a digression ; you are to note, that they are usually distinguished into two kinds ; namely, the long-winged and the short-winged Hawk : of the first kind, there be chiefly in use amongst us in this Nation,

The *Gerfalcon* and *Jerkin*.

The *Falcon* and *Tassel-gentel*.

The *Laner* and *Laneret*.

The *Bockerel* and *Bockeret*.

The *Saker* and *Sacaret*.

The *Marlin* and *Jack Marlin*.

The *Hobby* and *Jack*.

There is the *Stelletto* of *Spain*.

The *Bloud* red *Rook* from *Turky*.

The *Waskite* from *Virginia*.

And there is of short-winged Hawks

The *Eagle* and *Iron*.

The *Goshawk* and *Tarcel*.

The *Sparhawk* and *Musket*.

The French *Pye* of two sorts.

These are reckoned Hawks of note and worth,  
but we have also of an inferiour rank.

The *Stanyel*, the *Ringtail*.

The *Raven*, the *Buzzard*.

The forked *Kite*, the bald *Buzzard*.

The *Hen-driver*, and others that I forbear to name.

Gentlemen, If I should enlarge my discourse to



the observation of the *Eires*, the *Brancher*, the *Ramish Hawk*, the *Haggard*, and the two sorts of *Lentners*, and then treat of their several *Ayries*, their *Mewings*, rare order of casting, and the renovation of their *Feathers*; their reclaiming, dyeting, and then come to their rare stories of practice; I say, if I should enter into these, and many other observations that I could make, it would be much, very much pleasure to me: but lest I should break the rules of Civility with you, by taking up more than the proportion of time allotted to me, I will here break off, and entreat you Mr. *Venator*, to say what you are able in the commendation of Hunting, to which you are so much affected, and if time will serve, I will beg your favour for a further enlargement of some of those several heads of which I have spoken. But no more at present.

*Venat.* Well Sir, and I will now take my turn, and will first begin with a commendation of the earth, as you have done most excellently of the Air, the Earth being that Element upon which I drive my pleasant, wholsom, hungry trade. The Earth is a solid, settled Element; an Element most universally beneficial both to man and beast: to men who have their several Recreations upon it, as Horse-races, Hunting, sweet smells, pleasant walks: The Earth feeds man, and all those several beasts that both feed him, and afford him recreation: What pleasure doth man take in hunting the stately *Stag*, the generous *Buck*, the *Wild Boar*, the cunning *Otter*, the crafty *Fox*, and the fearful *Hare*? And if I may descend to a lower Game? what pleasure is it some-

times with Gins to betray the very vermine of the earth? as namely, the *Fichat*, the *Fulimart*, the *Ferret*, the *Pole-cat*, the *Mould-warp*, and the like creatures that live upon the face, and within the bowels of the earth. How doth the earth bring forth *berbs*, *flowers*, and *fruits*, both for *physick* and the *pleasure* of mankind? and above all, to me at least, the fruitful *Vine*, of which, when I drink moderately, it clears my brain, cheers my heart, and sharpens my wit. How could *Cleopatra* have feasted *Mark Antony* with eight Wild Boars roasted whole at one Supper, and other meat suitable, if the earth had not been a bountiful mother? But to pass by the mighty *Elephant*, which the earth breeds and nourisheth, and descend to the least of creatures, how doth the earth afford us a doctrinal example in the little *Pismire*, who in the Summer provides and lays up her Winter provision, and teaches man to do the like? the earth feeds and carries those horses that carry us. If I would be prodigal of my time and your patience, what might not I say in commendations of the earth? That puts limits to the proud and raging *Sea*, and by that means preserves both man and beast that it destroys them not, as we see it daily doth those that venture upon the *Sea*, and are there ship-wrackt, drowned, and left to feed Haddocks; when we that are so wise as to keep our selves on *earth*, *walk*, and *talk*, and *live*, and *eat*, and *drink*, and go a *hunting*: of which recreation I will say a little, and then leave Mr. *Piscator* to the commendation of Angling.

*Hunting* is a game for Princes and noble persons; it hath been highly prized in all Ages; it was one

of the qualifications that *Xenophon* bestowed on his *Cyrus*, that he was a Hunter of wild beasts. Hunting trains up the younger Nobility to the use of manly exercises in their riper age. What more manly exercise than *hunting the Wild Bore*, the *Stag*, the *Buck*, the *Fox*, or the *Hare*? How doth it preserve health, and increase strength and activity?

And for the Dogs that we use, who can commend their excellency to that height which they deserve? How perfect is the Hound at *smelling*, who never leaves or forsakes his first scent, but follows it through so many changes and varieties of other scents, even over, and in the water, and into the earth? What musick doth a pack of Dogs then make to any man, whose heart and ears are so happy as to be set to the tune of such instruments? How will a right *Grey-bound* fix his eye on the best *Buck* in a *berd*, single him out, and follow him, and him only through a whole herd of Rascal game, and still know and then kill him? For my Hounds I know the language of them, and they know the language and meaning of one another as perfectly as we know the voices of those with whom we discourse daily.

I might enlarge my self in the commendation of *Hunting*, and of the noble Hound especially, as also of the docibleness of *dogs* in general; and I might make many observations of Land-creatures, that for composition, order, figure and constitution, approach nearest to the compleatness and understanding of man; especially of those creatures which *Moses* in the Law permitted to the Jews, (which have cloven Hoofs and chew the Cud) which I shall forbear to

name, because I will not be so uncivil to Mr. *Piscator*, as not to allow him a time for the commendation of *Angling*, which he calls an Art; but doubtless 'tis an easie one: and Mr. *Auceps*, I doubt we shall hear a watry discourse of it, but I hope twill not be a long one.

*Auc.* And I hope so too, though I fear it will.

*Pis.* Gentlemen; let not prejudice prepossess you. I confess my discourse is like to prove suitable to my Recreation *calm* and *quiet*; we seldom take the name of God into our mouths, but it is either to praise him or pray to him; if others use it vainly in the midst of their recreations, so vainly as if they meant to conjure; I must tell you, it is neither our fault nor our custom; we protest against it. But, pray remember I accuse no body; for as I would not make a *watry* discourse, so I would not put too much *vinegar* into it; nor would I raise the reputation of my own Art by the diminution or ruine of anothers. And so much for the Prologue to what I mean to say.

And now for the *Water*, the Element that I trade in. The *water* is the eldest daughter of the Creation, the Element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, the Element which God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly; and without which those that inhabit the Land, even all creatures that have breath in their nostrils must suddenly return to putrefaction. *Moses* the great Law-giver and chief Philosopher, skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, who was called the friend of God, and knew the mind of the Almighty, names this Element the first in the Creation; this is the Element upon

which the Spirit of God did first move, and is the chief Ingredient in the Creation: many Philosophers have made it to comprehend all the other Elements, and most allow it the chiefest in the mixtion of all living creatures.

There be that profess to believe that all bodies are made of *water*, and may be reduced back again to water only: they endeavour to demonstrate it thus,

Take a *Willow* (or any like speedy growing plant) newly rooted in a box or barrel full of earth, weigh them altogether exactly when the tree begins to grow, and then weigh all together after the tree is increased from its first rooting to weigh an hundred pound weight more than when it was first rooted and weighed; and you shall find this augment of the tree to be without the diminution of one dram weight of the earth. Hence they infer this increase of wood to be from water of rain, or from dew, and not to be from any other Element. And they affirm, they can reduce this wood back again to water; and they affirm also the same may be done in any *animal* or *vegetable*. And this I take to be a fair testimony of the excellency of my Element of Water.

The *Water* is more productive than the *Earth*. Nay, the earth hath no fruitfulness without showers or dews; for all the *herbs*, and *flowers*, and *fruit* are produced and thrive by the water; and the very Minerals are fed by streams that run under ground, whose natural course carries them to the tops of many high mountains, as we see by several springs breaking forth on the tops of the highest hills; and

this is also witnessed by the daily trial and testimony of several Miners.

Nay, the increase of those creatures that are bred and fed in the water, are not only more and more miraculous, but more advantagious to man, not only for the lengthning of his life, but for the preventing of sickness ; for 'tis observed by the most learned Physicians, that the casting off of Lent and other Fish-daies, (which hath not only given the Lie to so many learned, pious, wise Founders of Colledges, for which we should be ashamed) hath doubtless been the chief cause of those many putrid, shaking, intermitting Agues, unto which this Nation of ours is now more subject than those wiser Countries that feed on Herbs, Sallets, and plenty of Fish ; of which it is observed in Story, that the greatest part of the world now do. And it may be fit to remember that *Moses* (*Lev.* 11. 9. *Deut.* 14. 9.) appointed Fish to be the chief diet for the best Common-wealth that ever yet was.

And it is observable not only that there are *fish*, (as namely the *Whale*) three times as big as the mighty Elephant ; that is so fierce in battel ; but that the mightiest Feasts have been of Fish. The *Romans* in the height of their glory have made Fish the mistress of all their entertainments ; they have had Musick to usher in their *Sturgeons*, *Lampreys*, and *Mullets*, which they would purchase at rates rather to be wondered at than believed. He that shall view the Writings of *Macrobius* or *Varro*, may be confirmed and informed of this, and of the incredible value of their Fish, and fish-ponds.

But, Gentlemen, I have almost lost my self, which I confess I may easily do in this Philosophical Discourse ; I met with most of it very lately (and I hope happily) in a conference with a most learned Physician, Dr. *Wharton*, a dear Friend ; that loves both me and my Art of Angling. But however I will wade no deeper in these mysterious Arguments, but pass to such Observations as I can manage with more pleasure, and less fear of running into error. But I must not yet forsake the Waters, by whose help we have so many known advantages.

And first (to pass by the miraculous cures of our known *Baths*) how advantageous is the *Sea* for our daily Traffique ; without which we could not now subsist ? How does it not only furnish us with food and Physick for the bodies, but with such Observations for the mind as ingenious persons would not want ?

How ignorant had we been of the beauty of *Florence*, of the *Monuments*, *Urns*, and *Rarities* that yet remain in, and near unto old and new *Rome*, (so many as it is said will take up a years time to view, and afford to each of them but a convenient consideration ;) and therefore it is not to be wondred at, that so learned and devout a Father as St. *Jerome*, after his wish to have seen Christ in the flesh, and to have heard St. *Paul* preach, makes his third wish, to *have seen Rome in her glory* ; and that glory is not yet all lost, for what pleasure is it to see the Monuments of *Livy*, the choicest of the Historians : of *Tully*, the best of Orators ; and to see the Bay-trees that now grow out of the very Tomb of *Virgil* ? These to any

that love Learning must be pleasing. But what pleasure is it to a devout Christian to see there the humble house in which *St. Paul* was content to dwell ; and to view the many rich *Statues* that are there made in honour of his memory ? nay, to see the very place in which *St. Peter* and he lie buried together ? These are in and near to *Rome*. And how much more doth it please the pious curiosity of a Christian to see that place on which the blessed Saviour of the world was pleased to humble himself, and to take our nature upon him, and to converse with men : to see Mount *Sion*, *Jerusalem*, and the very Sepulchre of our Lord Jesus ? How may it beget and heighten the zeal of a Christian to see the Devotions that are daily paid to him at that place ? Gentlemen, lest I forget my self I will stop here, and remember you, that but for my Element of water the Inhabitants of this poor Island must remain ignorant that such things ever were, or that any of them have yet a being.

Gentlemen, I might both enlarge and lose my self in such like Arguments ; I might tell you that Almighty God is said to have spoken to a *Fish*, but never to a *Beast* ; that he hath made a *Whale* a Ship to carry and set his Prophet *Jonah* safe on the appointed shore. Of these I might speak, but I must in manners break off, for I see *Theobalds* house. I cry you mercy for being so long, and thank you for your patience.

*Auceps.* Sir, my pardon is easily granted you : I except against nothing that you have said ; nevertheless, I must part with you at this Park-wall, for which



I am very sorry ; but I assure you Mr. *Piscator*, I now part with you full of good thoughts, not only of your self, but your Recreation. And so Gentlemen, God keep you both.

*Pisc.* Well, now Mr. *Venator* you shall neither want time nor my attention to hear you enlarge your Discourse concerning Hunting.

*Venat.* Not I Sir, I remember you said that *Angling* it self was of great Antiquity, and a perfect Art, and an Art not easily attained to ; and you have so won upon me in your former discourse, that I am very desirous to hear what you can say further concerning those particulars.

*Pisc.* Sir, I did say so, and I doubt not but if you and I did converse together but a few hours, to leave you possess with the same high and happy thoughts that now possess me of it ; not only of the Antiquity of *Angling*, but that it deserves commendations, and that it is an Art, and an Art worthy the knowledg and practise of a wise man.

*Venat.* Pray Sir, speak of them what you think fit, for we have yet five miles to the *Thatcht-House*, during which walk, I dare promise you, my patience, and diligent attention shall not be wanting. And if you shall make that to appear which you have undertaken, first, that it is an Art, and an Art worth the learning, I shall beg that I may attend you a day or two a fishing, and that I may become your Scholar, and be instructed in the Art it self which you so much magnifie.

*Pisc.* O Sir, doubt not but that *Angling* is an Art ; is it not an Art to deceive a *Trout* with an artificial

Flie ? a *Trout* ! that is more sharp sighted than any Hawk you have nam'd, and more watchful and timorous than your high mettled *Marlin* is bold ? and yet, I doubt not to catch a brace or two to morrow, for a friends breakfast: doubt not therefore, Sir, but that *Angling* is an Art, and an Art worth your learning: the Question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it ? for *Angling* is somewhat like *Poetry*, men are to be born so: I mean, with inclinations to it, though both may be heightned by discourse and practice, but he that hopes to be a good *Angler* must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit ; but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the Art it self; but having once got and practis'd it, then doubt not but *Angling* will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be like Vertue, *a reward to it self*.

*Venat.* Sir, I am now become so full of expectation that I long much to have you proceed ; and in the order that you propose.

*Pisc.* Then first, for the *antiquity* of *Angling*, of which I shall not say much, but onely this ; Some say it is as ancient as *Deucalions* Flood: others that *Belus*, who was the first Inventer of Godly and virtuous Recreations, was the first Inventer of *Angling* : and some others say (for former times have had their disquisitions about the Antiquity of it) that *Seth*, one of the Sons of *Adam*, taught it to his Sons, and that by them it was derived to posterity: others say, that he left it engraven on those pillars which he erected, and trusted to preserve the knowledge of the *Mathematicks*, *Musick*, and the rest of that precious

knowledge, and those useful Arts which by Gods appointment or allowance and his noble industry were thereby preserved from perishing in *Noahs* flood.

These, Sir, have been the opinions of several men, that have possibly endeavored to make *Angling* more ancient than is needful, or may well be warranted ; but for my part, I shall content my self in telling you that Angling is much more ancient than the Incarnation of our Saviour ; for in the Prophet *Amos* mention is made of *fish-hooks* ; and in the Book of *Job* (which was long before the days of *Amos* (for that book is said to be writ by *Moses*) mention is made also of fish-hooks, which must imply Anglers in those times.

But, my worthy friend, as I would rather prove my self a *Gentleman* by being *learned* and *bumble*, *valiant*, and *inoffensive*, *vertuous*, and *communicable*, than by any fond ostentation of riches, or wanting those virtues my self, boast that these were in my Ancestors (and yet I grant that where a noble and ancient descent and such merits meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person :) So if this Antiquity of *Angling*, (which for my part I have not forced,) shall like an ancient family, be either an honour or an ornament to this vertuous Art which I profess to love and practice, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it ; of which I shall say no more but proceed to that just commendation which I think it deserves.

And for that I shall tell you, that in ancient times a debate hath risen, (and it remains yet unresolved) Whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in *Contemplation* or *action* ?

Concerning which some have endeavoured to maintain their opinion of the first, by saying, *That the nearer we Mortals come to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are.* And they say, *That God enjoys himself only by a contemplation of his own infinitenesse, Eternity, Power and Goodness,* and the like. And upon this ground many Cloysterall men of great learning and devotion prefer *Contemplation* before *Action*. And many of the fathers seem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their Commentaries upon the words of our Saviour to *Martba*, Luke 10. 41, 42.

And on the contrary, there want not men of equal authority and credit, that prefer *action* to be the more excellent, as namely *experiments in Physick, and the application of it, both for the ease and prolongation of mans life*; by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others; either to serve his Countrey, or do good to particular persons; and they say also, *That action is Doctrinal, and teaches both art and vertue, and is a maintainer of humane society*; and for these, and other like reasons to be preferred before *contemplation*.

Concerning which two opinions I shall forbear to add a third by declaring my own, and rest my self contented in telling you (my very worthy friend) that both these meet together, and do most properly belong to the most *bonest, ingenuous, quiet, and harmless* art of *Angling*.

And first, I shall tell you what some have observed, (and I have found it to be a real truth) that the very sitting by the Rivers side is not only the quietest and fittest place for *contemplation*, but will

invite an Angler to it : and this seems to be maintained by the learned *Pet. du Moulin*, who (in his Discourse of the fulfilling of Prophecies) observes, that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his Prophets, he then carried them either to the *Desarts* or the *Sea-shore*, that having so separated them from amidst the press of *people* and *business*, and the cares of the world, he might settle their mind in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for Revelation.

And this seems also to be intimated by the Children of *Israel*, (*Psal.* 137.) who having in a sad condition banished all mirth and musick from their pensive hearts, and having hung up their then mute Harps upon the Willow-trees growing by the Rivers of *Babylon*, sate down upon those banks bemoaning the ruines of *Sion*, and contemplating their own sad condition.

And an ingenious *Spaniard* says, *That Rivers and the Inhabitants of the watry Element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration.* And though I will not rank my self in the number of the first, yet give me leave to free my self from the last, by offering to you a short contemplation, first of *Rivers*, and then of *Fish* ; concerning which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will appear very considerable : I am sure they have appeared so to me, and made many an hour pass away more pleasantly, as I have sate quietly on a flowry Bank by a calm River, and contemplated what I shall now relate to you.

And first concerning Rivers ; there be so many

wonders reported and written of them, and of the several Creatures that be bred and live in them ; and, those by Authors of so good credit, that we need not to deny them an historical Faith.

As namely of a River in *Epirus*, that puts out any lighted Torch, and kindles any Torch that was not lighted. Some Waters being drank cause madness, some drunkenness, and some laughter to death. The River *Selarus* in a few hours turns a rod or wand to stone : and our *Cambden* mentions the like in *England*, and the like in *Lochmere* in *Ireland*. There is also a River in *Arabia*, of which all the sheep that drink thereof have their wool turned into a Vermilion colour. And one of no less credit than *Aristotle*, tells us of a merry River, (the river *Elusina*) that dances at the noise of musick, for with musick it bubbles, dances and grows sandy, and so continues till the musick ceases, but then it presently returns to its wonted calmness and clearness. And *Cambden* tells us of a Well near to *Kerby* in *Westmoreland*, that ebbs and flows several times every day : and he tells us of a River in *Surry* (it is called *Mole*) that after it has run several miles, being opposed by hills, finds or makes it self a way under ground, and breaks out again so far off, that the Inhabitants thereabout boast, (as the *Spaniards* do of their River *Anus*) that they feed divers flocks of sheep upon a Bridge. And lastly, for I would not tire your patience, one of no less authority than *Josephus* that learned Jew, tells us of a River in *Judea*, that runs swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still and rests all their *Sabbath*.

But I will lay aside my Discourse of Rivers, and

tell you some things of the Monsters, or Fish, call them what you will, that they breed and feed in them. *Pliny* the Philosopher says, (in the third Chapter of his ninth Book) that in the *Indian Sea*, the fish call'd the *Balæna* or *Whirle-Pool* is so long and broad, as to take up more in length and bredth than two Acres of ground, and of other fish of two hundred cubits long; and that in the River *Ganges*, there be Eeles of thirty foot long. He says there, that these Monsters appear in that Sea only, when the tempestuous winds oppose the Torrents of Waters falling from the Rocks into it, and so turning what lay at the bottom to be seen on the waters top. And he says, that the people of *Cadara* (an Island near this place) make the Timber for their houses of those Fish-bones. He there tells us, that there are sometimes a thousand of these great Eeles found wrapt, or interwoven together. He tells us there, that it appears that Dolphins love musick, and will come, when call'd for, by some men or boys, that know and use to feed them, and that they can swim as swift as an Arrow can be shot out a Bow, and much of this is spoken concerning the *Dolphin*, and other Fish, as may be found also in learned Dr. *Casaubons* Discourse of Credulity, and Incredulity, printed by him about the year 1670.

I know, we Islanders are averse to the belief of these wonders: but, there be so many strange Creatures to be now seen (many collected by *John Trede-scant*, and others added by my friend *Elias Ashmole* Esq; who now keeps them carefully and methodically at his house near to *Lambeth* near *London*) as may get

some belief of some of the other wonders I mentioned. I will tell you some of the wonders that you may now see, and not till then believe, unless you think fit.

You may there see the *Hog-fish*, the *Dog-fish*, the *Dolphin*, the *Cony-Fish*, the *Parrot-fish*, the *Shark*, the *Poyson-fish*, *sword-fish*, and not only other incredible fish ! but you may there see the *Salamander*, several sorts of *Barnacles*, of *Solan Geese*, the *bird of Paradise*, such sorts of Snakes, and such *birds-nests*, and of so various forms, and so wonderfully made, as may beget wonder and amusement in any beholder: and so many hundred of other rarities in that Collection, as will make the other wonders I spake of, the less incredible; for, you may note, that the waters are natures store-house, in which she locks up her wonders.

But, Sir, lest this Discourse may seem tedious, I shall give it a sweet conclusion out of that holy Poet Mr. *George Herbert* his Divine Contemplation on Gods Providence.

*Lord, who hath praise enough, nay, who hath any ?  
None can express thy works, but he that knows them ;  
And none can know thy works, they are so many,  
And so compleat, but only he that owns them.*

*We all acknowledg both thy power and love  
To be exact, transcendent and divine ;  
Who dost so strangely and so sweetly move,  
Whilst all things have their end, yet none but thine.*

*Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present  
For me, and all my fellows, praise to thee ;  
And just it is that I should pay the rent,  
Because the benefit accrues to me.*

And as concerning Fish in that Psalm, (*Psal.* 104.) wherein for height of Poetry and Wonders the



Prophet *David* seems even to exceed himself, how doth he there express himself in choice Metaphors, even to the amazement of a contemplative Reader, concerning the *Sea*, the *Rivers*, and the *Fish* therein contained? And the great Naturalist *Pliny* says, *That Natures great and wonderful power is more demonstrated in the Sea than on the Land.* And this may appear by the numerous and various Creatures inhabiting both in and about that Element; as to the

Readers of *Gesner*, *Rondeletius*, *Pliny*, *Ausonius*, *Dubartas* in the fifth day. *Aristotle*, and others, may be demonstrated.

But I will sweeten this Discourse also out of a Contemplation in Divine *Dubartas*, who says,

*God quickned in the sea and in the rivers,  
So many Fishes of so many features,  
That in the waters we may see all creatures,  
Even all that on the earth are to be found,  
As if the world were in deep waters drown'd.  
For seas (as well as skies) have Sun, Moon, Stars;  
(As well as air) Swallows, Rooks, and Stares;  
(As well as earth) Vines, Roses, Nettles, Melons,  
Mushrooms, Pinks, Gilliflowers, and many millions  
Of other plants, more rare, more strange than these,  
As very fishes living in the seas:  
As also Rams, Calves, Horses, Hares and Hogs,  
Wolves, Urchins, Lions, Elephants and Dogs;  
Yea men and Maids, and which I most admire,  
The mitred Bishop, and the cowed Fryer.  
Of which, Examples but a few years since,  
Were shown the Norway and Polonian Prince.*

These seem to be wonders, but have had so many confirmations from men of learning and credit, that you need not doubt them; nor are the number, nor the various shapes of fishes, more strange or more fit for *contemplation*, than their different natures, inclina-

tions and actions; concerning which I shall beg your patient ear a little longer.

The *Cuttle-fish* will cast a long gut out of her throat, which (like as an Angler doth his line) she sendeth forth and pulleth in again at her pleasure, according as she sees some little fish come near to her; and the *Cuttle-fish* (being then hid in the *Mount. Essays,* gravel) lets the smaller fish nibble and *and others* bite the end of it, at which time she by *affirm this.* little and little draws the smaller fish so near to her, that she may leap upon her, and then catches and devours her: and for this reason some have called this fish the *Sea-Angler*.

And there is a fish called a *Hermit*, that at a certain age gets into a dead fishes shell, and like a Hermite dwells there alone, studying the wind and weather, and so turns her shell, that she makes it defend her from the injuries that they would bring upon her.

There is also a fish called by *Ælian* (in his 9. book of Living Creatures, Chap. 16.) the *Adonis*, or Darling of the Sea; so called, because it is a loving and innocent fish, a fish that hurts nothing that hath life, and is at peace with all the numerous Inhabitants of that vast watry Element: and truly I think most Anglers are so disposed to most of mankind.

And there are also lustful and chaste fishes, of which I shall give you examples.

And first, what *Dubartas* sayes of a fish called the *Sargus*; which (because none can expresse it better than he does) I shall give you in his own words, supposing it shall not have the less credit for being Verse, for he hath gathered this, and other observa-

tions out of Authors that have been great and industrious searchers into the secrets of Nature.

*The Adull'rous Sargus doth not only change  
Wives every day in the deep streams, but (strange)  
As if the hony of Sea-love delight  
Could not suffice his ranging appetite,  
Goes courting she-Goats on the grassie shore,  
Horning their husbands that had horns before.*

And the same Author writes concerning the *Cantharus*, that which you shall also hear in his own words

*But contrary, the constant Cantharus  
Is ever constant to his faithful Spouse,  
In nuptial duties spending his chaste life,  
Never loves any but his own dear Wife.*

Sir, but a little longer, and I have done.

*Venat.* Sir, take what liberty you think fit, for your discourse seems to be Musick, and charms me to an attention.

*Pisc.* Why then Sir, I will take a little liberty to tell, or rather to remember you what is said of *Turtle-Doves*; First, That they silently plight their troth and marry; and that then, the Survivor scorns (as the *Thracian women* are said to do) to out-live his or her mate, and this is taken for a truth, and if the survivor shall ever couple with another, then not only the living, but the dead, (be it either the He or the she) is denied the *name* and *honour* of a true *Turtle-dove*.

And to parallel this Land-Rarity, and teach mankind moral faithfulness, and to condemn those that

talk of Religion, and yet come short of the moral faith of fish and fowl ; Men that violate the Law affirmed by Saint *Paul* (*Rom.* 2. 14, 15.) to be writ in their hearts, (and which he says, shall at the last day condemn and leave them without excuse.) I pray hearken to what *Dubartas* sings, *Dubartas* (for the hearing of such conjugal faithful-*fifth day.* ness, will be Musick to all chaste ears) and therefore I pray hearken to what *Dubartas* sings of the *Mullet*.

*But for chaste love the Mullet hath no peer ;  
For, if the Fisher hath surpris'd her ppeer,  
As mad with no, to shore she followeth,  
Prest to consort him both in life and death.*

On the contrary, What shall I say of the *House-Cock*, which treads any Hen, and then (contrary to the *Swan*, the *Partridge* and *Pigeon*) takes no care to hatch, to feed or to cherish his own brood, but is senseless though they perish.

And 'tis considerable, that the Hen (which because she also takes any *Cock*, expects it not) who is sure the Chickens be her own, hath by a moral impression her care and affection to her own Brood more than doubled, even to such a height, that our Saviour in expressing his love to *Jerusalem* (*Mat.* 23. 37.) quotes her for an example of tender affection ; as his Father had done *Job* for a pattern of patience.

And to parallel this *Cock*, there be divers fishes that cast their Spawn on flags or stones, and then leave it uncovered, and exposed to become a prey, and be devoured by Vermine or other fishes : but other fishes (as namely the *Barbel*) take such care

for the preservation of their seed, that (unlike to the *Cock* or the *Cuckoe*) they mutually labour (both the Spawner and the Melter) to cover their Spawn with sand, or watch it, or hide it in some secret place unfrequented by Vermine or by any Fish but themselves.

Sir, these Examples may, to you and others, seem strange ; but they are testified some by *Aristotle*, some by *Pliny*, some by *Gesner*, and by many others of credit, and are believed and known by divers, both of wisdom and experience, to be a Truth ; and indeed are (as I said at the beginning) fit for the contemplation of a most serious and a most pious man. And doubtless this made the Prophet *David* say, *They that occupy themselves in deep waters see the wonderful works of God* : indeed such wonders and pleasures too as the land affords not.

And that they be fit for the contemplation of the most prudent, and pious, and peaceable men, seems to be testified by the practise of so many devout and contemplative men, as the *Patriarchs* and *Prophets* of old ; and of the *Apostles* of our Saviour in our latter times ; of which twelve, we are sure he chose four that were simple Fisher-men, whom he inspired and sent to publish his blessed Will to the *Gentiles*, and inspir'd them also with a power to speak all languages, and by their powerful Eloquence to beget faith in the unbelieving *Jews* : and themselves to suffer for that Saviour whom their fore fathers and they had Crucified, and, in their sufferings, to preach freedom from the incumbrances of the Law, and a new way to everlasting life this was the imployment of these happy Fisher-

men. Concerning which choice, some have made these Observations.

First that he never reproved these for their Im-  
ployment or Calling, as he did the *Scribes* and the  
*Mony-changers*. And secondly, he found that the  
hearts of such men by nature were fitted for contem-  
plation and quietnesse ; men of mild, and sweet, and  
peaceable spirits, as indeed most Anglers are : these  
men our blessed Saviour, (who is observed to love to  
plant grace in good natures) though indeed nothing  
be too hard for him, yet these men he chose to call  
from their irreprovable imployment of Fishing, and  
gave them grace to be his Disciples, and to follow  
him and doe wonders, I say four of twelve.

And it is observable, that it was our Saviours will,  
that these our four Fishermen should have a priority  
of nomination in the Catalogue of his twelve Apostles,  
(*Mat.* 10.) as namely first *St. Peter*, *St. Andrew*, *St.*  
*James* and *St. John*, and then the rest in their  
order.

And it is yet more observable, that when our  
blessed Saviour went up into the Mount, when  
he left the rest of his Disciples, and chose only three  
to bear him company at his *Transfiguration*, that  
those three were all Fishermen. And it is to be  
believed, that all the other Apostles, after they  
betook themselves to follow Christ, betook them-  
selves to be Fishermen too ; for it is certain that  
the greater number of them were found together  
Fishing by Jesus after his Resurrection, as it is  
recorded in the 21. Chapter of *St. Johns* Gospel.

And since I have your promise to hear me with

patience, I will take a liberty to look back upon an observation that hath been made by an ingenuous and learned man, who observes that God hath been pleased to allow those, whom he himself hath appointed to write his holy Will in holy writ, yet, to express his Will in such Metaphors as their former affections or practice had inclined them to ; and he brings *Solomon* for an example, who before his conversion was remarkably carnally-amorous ; and after by Gods appointment wrote that spiritual Dialogue or holy amorous Love-song (the *Canticles*) betwixt God and his Church ; (in which he sayes his beloved had *Eyes like the fish-pools of Heshbon.*)

And if this hold in reason (as I see none to the contrary,) then it may be probably concluded, that *Moses* (who, I told you before, writ the Book of *Job*) and the Prophet *Amos*, who was a Shepherd, were both Anglers ; for you shall in all the Old Testament find Fish-hooks, I think but twice mentioned, namely, by meek *Moses* the friend of God, and by the humble Prophet *Amos*.

Concerning which last, namely the Prophet *Amos* I shall make but this Observation, That he that shall read the *humble, lowly, plain style* of that Prophet, and compare it with the *high, glorious, eloquent style* of the Prophet *Isaiab* (though they be both equally true) may easily believe *Amos* to be, not only a Shepherd, but a good-natur'd, plain *Fisher-man*.

Which I do the rather believe by comparing the affectionate, loving, lowly, humble Epistles of S. *Peter*, S. *James*, and S. *John*, whom we know were

all Fishers, with the glorious language and high Metaphors of *S. Paul* who we may believe was not.

And for the lawfulness of Fishing it may very well be maintained by our Saviours bidding *St. Peter* cast his hook into the water and catch a Fish, for mony to pay Tribute to *Cæsar*. And let me tell you, that Angling is of high esteem, and of much use in other Nations. He that reads the Voyages of *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto*, shall find, that there he declares to have found a King and several Priests a Fishing.

And he that reads *Plutarch*; shall find, that Angling was not contemptible in the days of *Mark Antony* and *Cleopatra*, and that they in the midst of their wonderful glory used Angling as a principal recreation. And let me tell you, that in the Scripture, Angling is always taken in the best sense, and that though hunting may be sometimes so taken, yet it is but seldom to be so understood. And let me add this more, he that views the ancient Ecclesiastical Canons, shall find *Hunting* to be forbidden to *Church-men*, as being a turbulent, toilsom, perplexing Recreation; and shall find *Angling* allowed to *Clergy-men*, as being a harmless Recreation, a recreation that invites them to *contemplation* and *quietness*.

I might here enlarge my self by telling you, what commendations our learned *Perkins* bestowes on Angling: and how dear a lover, and great a practiser of it our learned Doctor *Whitaker* was, as indeed many others of great learning have been. But I will content my self with two memorable men, that lived near to our own time, whom I also take to have been ornaments to the Art of Angling.



The first is Doctor *Nowel* sometimes Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. *Pauls* \* in *London*,  
 \* 1550. where his Monument stands yet undefaced, a man that in the Reformation of Queen *Elizabeth* (not that of *Henry the VIII.*) was so noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, prudence and piety, that the then Parliament and Convocation both, chose, enjoined and trusted him to be the man to make a Catechism for publick use, such a one as should stand as a rule for faith and manners to their posterity. And the good old man (though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to Heaven by many nor by hard questions) like an honest Angler, made that *good, plain, unperplexed* Catechism which is printed with our good old Service Book. I say, this good man was a dear lover, and constant practicer of Angling, as any Age can produce ; and his custom was to spend besides his fixt hours of prayer, (those hours which by command of the Church were enjoined the Clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to devotion by many Primitive Christians :) I say, besides those hours, this good man was observed to spend a tenth part of his time in Angling ; and also (for I have conversed with those which have conversed with him) to bestow a tenth part of his Revenue, and usually all his fish, amongst the poor that inhabited near to those Rivers in which it was caught : saying often, *That charity gave life to Religion* : and at his return to his House would praise God he had spent that day free from worldly trouble ; both harmlesly, and in a recreation that became a Church-man. And this good man was well content, if not desirous, that

posterity should know he was an Angler, as may appear by his Picture, now to be seen, and carefully kept in *Brasenose Colledge* (to which he was a liberal Benefactor) in which Picture he is drawn leaning on a Desk with his Bible before him, and, on one hand of him his *lines, books,* and other *tackling* lying in a round; and on his other hand are his Angle-rods of several sorts: and by them this is written, *That he died. 13. Feb. 1601. being aged 95 years, 44 of which he had been Dean of St. Pauls Church; and that his age had neither impair'd his hearing, nor dimm'd his eyes, nor weakn'd his memory, nor made any of the faculties of his mind weak or useless.* 'Tis said that *angling* and *temperance* were great causes of these blessings, and I wish the like to all that imitate him, and love the memory of so good a man.

My next and last example shall be that undervaluer of mony, the late Provost of *Eton Colledge*, Sir *Henry Wotton*, (a man with whom I have often fish'd and convers'd) a man whose forreign Employments in the service of this *Nation*, and whose *experience, learning, wit,* and *cheerfulness* made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind; this man, whose very approbation of Angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it, this man was also a most dear lover, and a frequent practiser of the art of angling; of which he would say, *'Twas an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent: for angling was after tedious Study, a rest to his mind, a chearer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a*

*moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness : and that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that profess'd and practis'd it.* Indeed, my friend, you will find angling to be like the vertue of Humility, which has a calmness of spirit, and a world of other blessings attending upon it.

Sir, This was the saying of that learned man, and I do easily believe that *peace*, and *patience*, and a calm content did cohabit in the chearful heart of Sir *Henry Wotton*, because I know that when he was beyond seventy years of age, he made this description of a part of the present pleasure that possess'd him, as he sate quietly in a Summers evening on a bank a Fishing; it is a description of the Spring, which, because it glided as soft and sweetly from his pen, as that river does at this time by which it was then made, I shall repeat it unto you.

*This day dame Nature seem'd in love :  
The lusty sap began to move ;  
Fresh juice did stir th' embracing Vines,  
And birds had drawn their Valentines,  
The jealous Trout, that low did lye,  
Rose at a well dissembled flie ;  
There stood my friend with patient skill,  
Attending of his trembling quill.  
Already were the eaves possest  
With the swift Pilgrims dawbed nest :  
The Groves already did rejoyce,  
In Philomels triumphing voice :  
The showers were short, the weather mild,  
The morning fresh, the evening smil'd.  
Jone takes her neat rub'd pail, and now  
She trips to milk the sand-red Cow ;  
Where, for some sturdy foot-ball Swain,  
Jone strokes a sillibub or twain,  
The fields and gardens were beset  
With Tulips, Crocus, Violet,*

*And now, though late, the modest Rose  
Did more than half a blush disclose.  
Thus all looks gay, and full of chear  
To welcome the new livery'd year.*

These were the thoughts that then possess the undisturbed mind of Sir *Henry Wotton*. Will you hear the wish of another Angler, and the commendation of his happy life which he also sings in Verse? *viz. Jo. Davors Esq.*

*Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink.  
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling place ;  
Where I may see my quill or cork down sink  
With eager bite of Perch, or Bleak, or Dace :  
And on the world and my Creator think,  
Whilst some men strive ill gotten goods t' embrace ;  
And others spend their time in base excess  
Of wine, or worse, in war and wantonness.*

*Let them that list, these pastimes still pursue,  
And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill,  
So I the fields and Meadows green may view,  
And daily by fresh Rivers walk at will,  
Among the Daisies and the Violets blew.  
Red Hyacinth, and yellow Daffadil,  
Purple Narcissus like the morning rays  
Pale Gandergrasse, and azure Culverkeyes.*

*I count it higher pleasure to behold  
The stately compasse of the loftie skie,  
And in the midst thereof (like burning gold)  
The flaming Chariot of the Worlds great eye,  
The watry clouds that in the air up rol'd,  
With sundry kinds of painted colours flie ;  
And fair Aurora lifting up her head,  
Still blushing, rise from old Tithonus bed.*

*The hills and mountains raised from the plains,  
The plains extended level with the ground,  
The grounds divided into sundry veins,  
The veins inclos'd with rivers running round ;*

*These rivers making way through natures chains  
With headlong course into the sea profound ;  
The raging sea, beneath the vallies low,  
where lakes and rills and rivulets do flow.*

*The lofty woods the forrests wide and long  
Adorn'd with leaves and branches fresh and green,  
In whose cool bowers the birds with many a song  
Do welcome with their Quire the Summers Queen ;  
The Me doves fair where Flora's gifts among  
Are intermixt, with verdant grasse between.*

*The silver-scaled fish that softly swim  
Within the sweet brooks chrystal, watry stream.  
All these, and many more of his Creation  
That made the Heavens, the Angler oft doth see ;  
Taking therein no little delectation,  
To think how strange, how wonderful they be ;  
Framing thereof an inward contemplation,  
To set his heart from other fancies free ;  
And whilst he looks on these with joyful eye,  
His mind is rapt above the starry Skie.*

Sir I am glad my memory has not lost these last Verses, because they are somewhat more pleasant and more sutable to *May-Day*, than my harsh Discourse, and I am glad your patience hath held out so long, as to hear them and me : for both together have brought us within the sight of the *Thatcht-house* : and I must be your Debtor (if you think it worth your attention) for the rest of my promised discourse, till some other opportunity, and a like time of leisure.

*Venat.* Sir, you have Angled me on with much pleasure to the *Thatcht-house* : and I now find your words true *That good company makes the way seem short*, for trust me, Sir, I thought we had wanted three miles of this *House* till you shewed it to me : but now we are at it, we'll turn into it, and refresh our selves with a cup of drink and a little rest.

*Pisc.* Most gladly (Sir) and we'l drink a civil cup to all the *Otter Hunters* that are to meet you to morrow.

*Ven.* That we will Sir, and to all the lovers of Angling too, of which number, I am now willing to be one my self, for by the help of your good discourse and company, I have put on new thoughts both of the Art of Angling, and of all that professe it: and if you will but meet me to morrow at the time and place appointed, and bestow own day with me and my friends in hunting the *Otter*, I will dedicate the next two dayes to wait upon you, and we two will for that time do nothing but angle, and talk of fish and fishing.

*Pisc.* 'Tis a match, Sir, I'l not fail you, God willing, to be at *Amwel-bill* to morrow morning before Sun-rising.



*Observations of the Otter and Chub.*

**V***Enat.* My friend *Piscator*, you have kept time with my thoughts, for the Sun is just rising, and I my self just now come to this place, and the dogs have just now put down an *Otter* ; look down at the bottom of the hill there in that Meadow, chequered with *water-Lillies*, and *Lady-smocks*, there you may see what work they make ; look, look, you may see all busie, men and dogs, dogs and men, all busie.

*Pisc.* Sir, I am right glad to meet you, and glad to have so fair an entrance into this dayes sport, and glad to see so many dogs, and more men all in pursuit of the *Otter* ; lets complement no longer, but joyn unto them ; come honest *Venator*, lets be gone, lets us make hast ; I long to be doing : no reasonable hedg or ditch shall hold me.

*Ven.* Gentleman Hunts-man, where found you this *Otter*.

*Hunt.* Marry (Sir) we found her a mile from this place a fishing; she has this morning eaten the greatest part of this *Trout*; she has only left thus much of it as you see, and was fishing for more; when we came we found her just at it: but we were here very early, we were here an hour before Sunrise, and have given her no rest since we came; sure she will hardly escape all these dogs and men. I am to have the skin if we kill her.

*Ven.* Why, Sir, what's the skin worth?

*Hunt.* 'Tis worth ten shillings to make gloves; the gloves of an *Otter* are the best fortification for your hands that can be thought on against wet weather.

*Pisc.* I pray, honest Huntsman, let me ask you a pleasant question, do you hunt a beast or a fish?

*Hunt.* Sir, It is not in my power to resolve you, I leave it to be resolved by the Colledge of *Carthusians*, who have made vows never to eat flesh. But I have heard, the question hath been debated among many great Clerks, and they seem to differ about it; yet most agree that her tail is Fish: and if her body be Fish too, then I may say, that a Fish will walk upon land, (for an *Otter* does so) sometimes five or six, or ten miles in a night to catch for her young ones, or to glut herself with Fish, and I can tell you that *Pigeons* will fly forty miles for a breakfast, but Sir, I am sure the *Otter* devours much Fish, and kills and spoils much more than he eats: And I can tell you, that this Dog-fisher (for so the



Latins call him) can smell a Fish in the water an hundred yards from him (*Gesner* says much farther) and that his stones are good against the Falling-sickness: and that there is an herb *Benione*, which being hung in a linnen cloth near a Fish-pond, or any haunt that he uses, makes him to avoid the place; which proves he smells both by water and land; and I can tell you there is brave hunting this Water-dog in *Corn-wall*, where there have been so many, that our learned *Cambden* says, there is a River called *Ottersey*, which was so named, by reason of the abundance of *Otters* that bred and fed in it.

And thus much for my knowledg of the *Otter*, which you may now see above water at vent, and the dogs close with him; I now see he will not last long, follow therefore my Masters, follow, for *Sweetlips* was like to have him at this last vent.

*Ven.* Oh me, all the Horse are got over the River, what shall we do now? shall we follow them over the water.

*Hunt.* No, *Sir*, no, be not so eager, stay a little and follow me, for both they, and the dogs will be suddenly on this side again, I warrant you: and the *Otter* too, it may be: now have at him with *Kilbuck*, for he vents again.

*Ven.* Marry so he do's, for look he vents in that corner. Now, now *Ringwood* has him: now he's gone again, and has bit the poor dog. Now *Sweetlips* has her; hold her *Sweetlips*! now all the dogs have her, some above and some under water; but now, now she's tir'd, and past losing: come bring her to me, *Sweetlips*. Look, 'tis a Bitch-*Otter*, and

she has lately whelp'd, let's go to the place where she was *put down*, and not far from it you will find all her young ones, I dare warrant you, and kill them all too.

*Hunt.* Come, Gentlemen, come all, let's go to the place where we *put down* the *Otter*. Look you, hereabout it was that she kennel'd ; look you, here it was indeed, for here's her young ones, no less than five ; come let's kill them all.

*Pisc.* No, I pray Sir, save me one, and I'll try if I can make her tame, as I know an ingenuous Gentleman in *Leicester-shire* (Mr. *Nich. Seagrave*) has done ; who hath not only made her tame, but to catch Fish, and do many other things of much pleasure.

*Hunt.* Take one with all my heart, but let us kill the rest. And now let's go to an honest Ale-house, where we may have a cup of good *Barley-wine*, and sing *Old Rose*, and all of us rejoyce together.

*Venat.* Come my friend, *Piscator*, let me invite you along with us ; I'll bear your charges this night, and you shall bear mine to morrow ; for my intention is to accompany you a day or two in Fishing.

*Pisc.* Sir, your request is granted, and I shall be right glad, both to exchange such a courtesie, and also to enjoy your company.

*Venat.* Well, now let's go to your sport of Angling.

*Pisc.* Let's be going with all my heart. God keep you all, Gentlemen, and send you meet this day with another Bitch-Otter, and kill her merrily, and all her young ones too.

*Ven.* Now, *Piscator*, where will you begin to fish ?

*Pisc.* We are not yet come to a likely place, I must walk a mile further yet, before I begin.

*Venat.* Well then, I pray, as we walk tell me freely, how do you like your lodging and mine Hoste and the company ? is not mine Hoste a witty man ?

*Pisc.* Sir, I will tell you presently what I think of your Hoste ; but first I will tell you, I am glad these *Otters* were killed, and I am sorry there are no more *Otter-killers* : for I know that the want of *Otter-killers* & the not keeping the *Fence months* for preservation of *fish*, will in time prove the destruction of all *Rivers* ; and those very few that are left, that make conscience of the Laws of the Nation, and of keeping days of abstinence, will be forced to eat flesh, or suffer more inconveniencies than are yet foreseen.

*Venat.* Why, Sir, what be those that you call the Fence months ?

*Pisc.* Sir, they be principally three, namely, *March*, *April*, and *May*, for these be the usual months that *Salmon* come out of the Sea to spawn in most fresh Rivers, and their Fry would about a certain time return back to the salt water, if they were not hindred by *wires* and *unlawful gins*, which the greedy Fisher-men set, and so destroy them by thousands, as they would (being so taught by nature) change the *fresh* for *salt water*. He that shall view the wise Statutes made in the 13 of *Edw. the I.* and the like in *Rich. the III.* may see several provisions made against the destruction of Fish : and though I profess no knowledg of the Law, yet I am sure the regulation of these defects might be easily mended. But I remember that a wise friend of mine did

usually say, *That which is every bodies business, is no bodies business.* If it were otherwise, there could not be so many Nets and Fish that are under the Statute size, sold daily amongst us, and of which the *conservators* of the waters should be ashamed.

But above all, the taking Fish in Spawning time, may be said to be against nature ; it is like the taking the dam on the nest when she hatches her young : a sin so against nature, that Almighty God hath in the Levitical Law made a Law against it.

But the poor Fish have enemies enough beside such unnatural *Fisher-men*, as namely, the *Otters* that I spake of, the *Cormorant*, the *Bittern*, the *Osprey*, the *Sea-gull*, the *Hern*, the *Kingfisher*, the *Gorrara*, the *Puet*, the *Swan*, *Goose*, *Ducks*, and the *Craber*, which some call the *Water-rat* : against all which any honest man may make a just quarrel, but I will not, I will leave them to be quarrelled with, and kill'd by others ; for I am not of a cruel nature, I love to kill nothing but Fish.

And now to your question concerning your Hoste, to speak truly, he is not to me a good companion : for most of his conceits were either Scripture jests, or lascivious jests ; for which I count no man witty, for the Devil will help a man that way inclined, to the first ; and his own corrupt nature (which he always carries with him) to the latter. But a companion that feasts the company with *wit* and *mirth*, and leaves out the sin (which is usually mixt with them) he is the man ; and indeed such a companion should have his charges born : and to such company I hope to bring you this night ; for at *Trout-hall*, not far from

this place, where I purpose to lodge to night, there is usually an Angler that proves good company: and let me tell you, good company and good discourse are the very sinews of vertue: but for such discourse as we heard last night, it infects others, the very boys will learn to talk and swear as they heard mine Host, and another of the company that shall be nameless; I am sorry the other is a Gentleman, for less Religion will not save their Souls than a beggars; I think more will be required at the last great day. Well, you know what Example is able to do, and I know what the Poet says in the like case, which is worthy to be noted by all parents and people of civility:

————— *Many a one*  
*Owes to his Country his Religion:*  
*And in another would as strongly grow,*  
*Had but his nurse or mother taught him so.*

This is reason put into Verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man. But of this no more, for though I love civility, yet I hate severe censures: I'll to my own art, and I doubt not but at yonder tree I shall catch a *Chub*, and then we'll turn to an honest cleanly Hostess, that I know right well; rest our selves there, and dress it for our dinner.

*Venat.* Oh Sir, a *Chub* is the worst Fish that swims, I hoped for a *Trout* to my dinner.

*Pisc.* Trust me, *Sir*, there is not a likely place for a *Trout*, hereabout, and we staid so long to take our leave of your Huntsmen this morning, that the Sun is got so high, and shines so clear, that I will not undertake the catching of a *Trout* till evening; and

though a *Chub* be by you and many others reckoned the worst of *fish*, yet you shall see I'll make it a good Fish, by dressing it.

*Ven.* Why, how will you dress him?

*Pisc.* I'll tell you by and by, when I have caught him. Look you here, Sir, do you see? (but you must stand very close) there lye upon the top of the water in this very hole twenty *Chubs*, I'll catch only one, and that shall be the biggest of them all: and that I will do so, I'll hold you twenty to one, and you shall see it done.

*Venat.* I marry Sir, now you talk like an Artist, and I'll say you are one, when I shall see you perform what you say you can do; but I yet doubt it.

*Pisc.* You shall not doubt it long, for you shall see me do it presently: look, the biggest of these *Chubs* has had some bruise upon his tail, by a Pike or some other accident, and that looks like a white spot; that very *Chub* I mean to put into your hands presently; sit you but down in the shade, and stay but a little while, and I'll warrant you I'll bring him to you.

*Venat.* I'll sit down and hope well, because you seem to be so confident.

*Pisc.* Look you Sir, there is a tryal of my skill, there he is, that very *Chub* that I shewed you with the white spot on his tail: and I'll be as certain to make him a good dish of meat, as I was to catch him. I'll now lead you to an honest Ale-house where we shall find a cleanly room, *Lavender* in the Windows, and twenty *Ballads* stuck about the wall; there my Hostess (which I may tell you, is both

cleanly and handsome and civil) hath drest many : one for me, and shall now dress it after my fashion and I warrant it good meat.

*Ven.* Come Sir, with all my heart, for I begin to be hungry, and long to be at it, and indeed to rest my self too ; for though I have walk'd but four mile this morning, yet I begin to be weary ; yesterday hunting hangs still upon me.

*Pisc.* Well Sir, and you shall quickly be at rest for yonder is the house I mean to bring you to.

Come Hostess, how do you ? Will you first give us a cup of your best drink, and then dress this *Chub*, as you drest my last, when I and my friend were here about eight or ten days ago ? but you must do me one courtesie, it must be done instantly.

*Host.* I will do it, Mr. *Piscator*, and with all the speed I can.

*Pisc.* Now Sir, has not my Hostess made hastie and does not the fish look lovely ?

*Ven.* Both, upon my word, Sir, and therefore let's say grace and fall to eating of it.

*Pisc.* Well Sir, how do you like it ?

*Ven.* Trust me, 'tis as good meat as I ever tasted : now let me thank you for it, drink to you, and beg a courtesie of you ; but it must not be deny'd me.

*Pisc.* What is it I pray Sir : you are so modest, that methinks I may promise to grant it before it is asked.

*Ven.* Why Sir, it is, that from henceforth you would allow me to call you *Master*, and that really I may be your Scholar, for you are such a companion, and have so quickly caught, and so excellently

cook'd this fish, as makes me ambitious to be your Scholar.

*Pisc.* Give me your hand ; from this time forward I will be your Master, and teach you as much of this Art as I am able ; and will, as you desire me, tell you somewhat of the nature of most of the Fish that we are to angle for, and I am sure I both can and will tell you more than any common *Angler* yet knows.





*How to fish for, and to dress the Chavender or Chub.*

**P***Isc.* The *Chub*, though he eat well thus drest, yet as he is usually drest, he does not: he is objected against, not only for being full of small forked bones, disperst through all his body, but that he eats watrish, and that the flesh of him is not firm, but short and tasteless. The *French* esteem him so mean, as to call him *Un Villain*; nevertheless he may be so drest as to make him very good meat; as namely, if he be a large Chub, then dress him thus:

*First scale him, and then wash him clean, and then take out his guts; and to that end make the bole as little*

*and near to his gills as you may conveniently, and especially make clean his throat from the grass and weeds that are usually in it (for if that be not very clean, it will make him to taste very sour) having so done, put some sweet berbs into his belly, and then tye him with two or three splinters to a spit, and rost him, basted often with Vinegar, or rather verjuice and butter, with good store of salt mixt with it.*

Being thus drest, you will find him a much better dish of meat than you, or most folk, even than Anglers themselves do imagine; for this dries up the fluid watry humor with which all *Cbubs* do abound.

But take this rule with you, That a *Chub* newly taken and newly drest, is so much better than a *Chub* of a days keeping after he is dead, that I can compare him to nothing so fitly as to Cherries newly gathered from a tree, and others that have been bruised and lain a day or two in water. But the *Chub* being thus used and drest presently, and not washed after he is gutted (for note that lying long in water, and washing the blood out of any fish after they be gutted, abates much of their sweetness) you will find the *Chub* being drest in the blood and quickly, to be such meat as will recompence your labour, and disabuse your opinion.

Or you may dress the *Chavender* or *Chub* thus:

*When you have scaled him, and cut off his tail and fins, and washed him very clean, then chine or slit him through the middle, as a salt fish is usually cut, then give him three or four cuts or scotches on the back with your knife, and broil him on Char-coal, or Wood-coal that are*

*free from smoke, and all the time he is a broyling baste him with the best sweet Butter, and good store of salt mixt with it; and to this add a little Time cut exceeding small, or bruised into the butter.* The Cheven thus drest hath the watry tast taken away, for which so many except against him. Thus was the Cheven drest that you now liked so well, and commended so much. But note again, that if this Chub that you eat of, had been kept till to morrow, he had not been worth a rush. And remember that his throat be washt very clean, I say very clean, and his body not washt after he is gutted, as indeed no fish should be.

Well Scholar, you see what pains I have taken to recover the lost credit of the poor despised *Chub*. And now I will give you some rules how to catch him; and I am glad to enter you into the Art of fishing by catching a *Chub*, for there is no Fish better to enter a young Angler, he is so easily caught, but then it must be this particular way.

Go to the same hole in which I caught my *Chub*, where in most hot daies you will find a dozen or twenty *Chevens* floating near the top of the water, get two or three Grashoppers as you go over the meadow, and get secretly behind the tree, and stand as free from motion as is possible, then put a Grashopper on your hook, and let your hook hang a quarter of a yard short of the water, to which end you must rest your rod on some bough of the tree, but it is likely the Chubs will sink down towards the bottom of the water at the first shadow of your Rod (for a Chub is the fearfulest of fishes.) and will do so if but a bird flies over him, and makes the least

shadow on the water : but they will presently rise up to the top again, and there lie soaring till some shadow affrights them again : I say when they lie upon the top of the water, look out the best Chub, (which you setting your self in a fit place, may very easily see) and move your Rod as softly as a Snail moves, to that Chub you intend to catch ; let your bait fall gently upon the water three or four inches before him, and he will infallibly take the bait, and you will be as sure to catch him ; for he is one of the leather-mouth'd fishes, of which a hook does scarce ever lose its hold ; and therefore give him play enough before you offer to take him out of the water. Go your way presently, take my Rod, and do as I bid you, and I will sit down and mend my tackling till you return back.

*Ven.* Truly, my loving Master, you have offered me as fair as I could wish. I'll go and observe your directions.

Look you, Master, what I have done, that which joys my heart, caught just such another *Chub* as yours was.

*Pisc.* Marry, and I am glad of it : I am like to have a towardly Scholar of you. I now see, that with advice and practice you will make an *Angler* in a short time. Have but a love to it and I'll warrant you.

*Venat.* But Master, what if I could not have found a *Grashopper* ?

*Pisc.* Then I may tell you, that a *black Snail*, with his belly slit, to show his white : or a piece of soft *cheese*, will usually do as well : nay, sometimes

a *worm*, or any kind of *flie*, as the *Ant-flie*, the *Flesb-flie*, or *Wall-flie*, or the *Dor* or *Beetle*, (which you may find under a Cow-tird) or a *Bob*, which you will find in the same place, and in time will be a *Beetle*; it is a short white worm, like to and bigger than a *Gentle*, or a *Cod-worm*, or a *Case-worm*, any of these will do very well to fish in such a manner. And after this manner you may catch a *Trout* in a hot evening: when as you walk by a Brook, and shall see or hear him leap at flies, then if you get a *Grashopper*, put it on your hook, with your line about two yards long, standing behind a bush or tree where his hole is, and make your bait stir up and down on the top of the water: you may if you stand close, be sure of a bite, but not sure to catch him, for he is not a leather mouthed Fish: and after this manner you may fish for him with almost any kind of live flie, but especially with a *Grashopper*.

*Venat.* But before you go further, I pray good Master, what mean you by a leather-mouthed Fish?

*Pisc.* By a leather-mouthed Fish, I mean such as have their teeth in their throat, as the *Cbub* or *Cbeven*, and so the *Barbel*, the *Gudgeon* and *Carp*, and divers others have; and the hook being stuck into the leather or skin of the mouth of such fish does very seldom or never lose its hold: But on the contrary, a *Pike* a *Pearcb*, or *Trout*, and so some other Fish, which have not their teeth in their throats, but in their mouths, (which you shall observe to be very full of bones, and the skin very thin, and little of it :) I say, of these fish the hook never takes so sure

hold, but you often lose your fish, unless he have gorg'd it.

*Ven.* I thank you, good Master, for this observation ; but now what shall be done with my *Chub* or *Cheven*, that I have caught ?

*Pisc.* Marry Sir, it shall be given away to some poor body, for I'll warrant you I'll give you a *Trout* for your supper : and it is a good beginning of your Art to offer your first fruits to the poor, who will both thank God and you for it, which I see by your silence you seem to consent to. And for your willingness to part with it so charitably, I will also teach more concerning Chub-Fishing : you are to note that in *March* and *April* he is usually taken with wormes ; in *May*, *June*, and *July* he will bite at any *fly*, or at *Cherries*, or at *Beetles* with their legs and wings cut off, or at any kind of *Snail*, or at the black *Bee* that breeds in clay walls ; and he never refuses a Grashopper on the top of a swift stream, nor at the bottom the young *humble-bee* that breeds in long grasse, and is ordinarily found by the Mower of it. In *August*, and in the cooler months a yellow *paste*, made of the strongest cheese, and pounded in a Mortar with a little butter and saffron, (so much of it as being beaten small will turn it to a lemon colour.) And some make a paste for the Winter months, at which time the Chub is accounted best, (for then it is observed, that the forked bones are lost, or turned into a kind of gristle, (especially if he be baked) of Cheese and Turpentine ; he will bite also at a Minnow or Penk, as a Trout will : of which I shall tell you more hereafter, and of divers other baits.

But take this for a rule, that in hot weather he is to be fisht for towards the mid-water, or near the top ; and in colder weather nearer the bottom And if you fish for him on the top, with a Beetle or any *fly*, then be sure to let your line be very long, and to keep out of sight. And having told you that his Spawn is excellent meat and that the head of a large Cheven, the Throat being well washt, is the best part of him, I will say no more of this Fish at the present, but wish you may catch the next you fish for.

But lest you may judg me too nice in urging to have the Chub drest so presently after he is taken, I will commend to your consideration how curious former times have been in the like kind.

You shall read in *Seneca* his natural Questions (*Lib. 3. cap. 17.*) that the Ancients were so curious in the newnesse of their Fish, that that seemed not new enough that was not put alive into the guests hand ; and he says that to that end they did usually keep them living in glass-bottles in their dining-rooms ; and they did glory much in their entertaining of friends to have that Fish taken from under their table alive, that was instantly to be fed upon. And he says, they took great pleasure to see their Mulletts change to several colours, when they were dying. But enough of this, for I doubt I have stayed too long from giving you some observations of the *Trout*, and how to fish for him, which shall take up the next of my spare time.



*Observations of the nature and breeding of the Trout; and  
how to fish for him. And the Milk maids Song.*

**P***isc.* The *Trout* is a fish highly valued both in this and forraign *Nations*: he may be justly said, (as the old Poet said of wine, and we English say of *Venison*) to be a generous Fish: a Fish that is so like the *Buck* that he also has his seasons, for it is observed, that he comes in and goes out of season with the *Stag* and *Buck*, Gesner says, his name is of a Germane off-spring, and says he is a fish that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest streams, and on the hardest gravel! and that he may justly contend with all fresh-water-Fish, as the *Mullet*



may with all Sea-Fish for precedency and daintiness of taste, and that being in right season, the most dainty palats have allowed precedency to him.

And before I go farther in my Discourse, let me tell you, that you are to observe, that as there be some *barren Does*, that are good in Summer, so there be some *barren Trouts* that are good in Winter, but there are not many that are so, for usually they be in their perfection in the month of *May*, and decline with the *Buck*. Now you are to take notice, that in several Countries, as in *Germany* and in other parts, compar'd to ours, Fish do differ much in their bigness, and shape, and other ways, and so do *Trouts*; it is well known that in the Lake *Leman* (the Lake of *Geneva*) there are *Trouts* taken of three Cubits long, as is affirmed by *Gesner*, a Writer of good credit; and *Mercator* says, the *Trouts* that are taken in the Lake of *Geneva*, are a great part of the Merchandize of that famous City. And you are further to know, that there be certain waters that breed *Trouts* remarkable, both for their number and smallness. I know a little Brook in *Kent*, that breeds them to a number incredible, and you may take them twenty or forty in an hour, but none greater than about the size of a *Gudgion*; There are also in divers Rivers, especially that relate to, or be near to the Sea (as *Winchester*, or the *Thames* about *Windsor*) a little *Trout* called a *Samlet* or *Skegger Trout* (in both which places I have caught twenty or forty at a standing) that will bite as fast and as freely as *Minnows*; these be by some taken to be young *Salmons*, but in those waters they never grow to be bigger than a *Herring*.

There is also in *Kent* near to *Canterbury*, a *Trout* (call'd there a *Fordidge Trout*) a *Trout* (that bears the name of the Town, where it is usually caught) that is accounted the rarest of Fish ; many of them near the bigness of a *Salmon*, but known by their different colour, and in their best season they cut very white ; and none of these have been known to be caught with an Angle, unless it were one that was caught by Sir *George Hastings* (an excellent Angler, and now with God) and he hath told me, he thought that *Trout* bit not for hunger but wantonness ; and it is the rather to be believed, because both he then, and many others before him, have been curious to search into their bellies, what the food was by which they lived ; and have found out nothing by which they might satisfie their curiosity.

Concerning which you are to take notice, that it is reported by good Authors, that *grasshoppers* and some Fish have no mouths, but are nourisht and take breath by the porousness of their Guills, Man knows not how ; And this may be believed, if we consider that when the *Raven* hath hatcht her eggs, she takes no further care, but leaves her young ones, to the care of the God of Nature, who is said in the *Psalms*, *To feed the young Ravens that call upon him*. And they be kept alive, and fed by a *dew*, or *worms* that breed in their nests, or some other ways that we Mortals know not, and this may be believed of the *Fordidge Trout*, which (as it is said of the *Stork*, that he knows his season, so he) knows his times (I think almost his day) of coming into that River out of the Sea, where he lives (and it is like, feeds) nine months

of the Year, and fasts three in the River of *Fordidge*. And you are to note, that those Townsmen are very punctual in observing the time of beginning to fish for them; and boast much that their River affords a Trout, that exceeds all others. And just so does *Sussex* boast of several Fish; as namely, a *Shelsey Cockle*, a *Chichester Lobster*, an *Arundel Mullet*, and an *Amerly Trout*.

And now for some confirmation of the *Fordidge Trout*, you are to know that this Trout is thought to eat nothing in the fresh water; and it may be the better believed, because it is well known, that *Swallows* and *Bats* and *Wagtails*, which are call'd half year birds, and not seen to flie in *England* for six months in the Year (but about *Michaelmas* leave us for a hotter Climate;) yet some of them that have been left behind their fellows, have been found (many thousands at a time) in hollow trees, or clay-Caves, where they have been observed, to live and *View Sir* *Fra. Bacon*, sleep out the whole Winter without meat; *exper.* 899. and so *Albertus* observes that there is one kind of *Frog* that hath her mouth naturally shut up about the end of *August*, and that she lives so all *See Topsel* the Winter: and though it be strange to *of Frogs.* some, yet it is known to too many among us to be doubted.

And so much for these *Fordidge trouts*, which never afford an *Angler* sport, but either live their time of being in the fresh water, by their meat formerly gotten in the Sea (not unlike the *Swallow* or *Frog*) or by the vertue of the fresh water only; or as the birds of *Paradise*, and the *Camelion* are said to live by the *Sun* and the *Air*.

There is also in *Northumberland* a *Trout* called a *Bull-trout*, of a much greater length and bigness, than any in these Southern parts : and there are in many Rivers that relate to the Sea, *Salmon-trouts*, as much different from others, both in shape and in their spots, as we see sheep in some Countries differ one from another in their shape and bigness, and in the fineness of their wool : and certainly, as some pastures breed larger sheep, so do some Rivers, by reason of the ground over which they run, breed larger *Trouts*.

Now the next thing that I will commend to your consideration is, that the *Trout* is of a more sudden growth than other Fish : concerning which you are also to take notice, that he lives not so long as the *Pearcb* and divers other Fishes do, as Sir *Francis Bacon* hath observed in his *History of Life and Death*.

And next you are to take notice, that he is not like the *Crocodile*, which if he lives never so long, yet always thrives till his death : but 'tis not so with the *Trout*, for after he is come to his full growth, he declines in his body, and keeps his bigness or thrives only in his head till his death. And you are to know, that he will about (especially before) the time of his Spawning, get almost miraculously through *Weires*, and *Floud-gates* against the stream ; even, through such high and swift places as is almost incredible. Next, that the *Trout* usually Spawns about *October* or *November*, but in some Rivers a little sooner or later : which is the more observable, because most other fish Spawn in the Spring or Summer, when the Sun hath warmed both the earth

and water, and made it fit for generation. And you are to note, that he continues many months out of season : for it may be observed of the Trout, that he is like the Buck or the Ox, that will not be fat in many months, though he go in the very same pastures that horses do, which will be fat in one month ; and so you may observe, that most other Fishes recover strength, and grow sooner fat, and in season than the Trout doth.

And next, you are to note, that till the Sun gets to such a height as to warm the earth and the water, the Trout is sick and lean, and lowsie, and unwholsom : for you shall in winter find him to have a big head, and then to be lank, and thin, and lean ; at which time many of them have sticking on them Sugs, or *Trout lice*, which is a kind of a worm, in shape like a clove or pin with a big head, and sticks close to him and sucks his moisture ; those, I think, the *Trout* breeds himself, and never thrives till he free himself from them, which is when warm weather comes ; and then, as he grows stronger, he gets from the dead, still water, into the sharp streams, and the gravel, and there rubs off these worms or lice ; and then, as he grows stronger, so he gets him into swifter and swifter streams, and there lies at the watch for any flie or Minnow, that comes near to him ; and he especially loves the *May-flie*, which is bred of the *Cod-worm*, or *Caddis* ; and these make the Trout bold and lusty, and he is usually fatter and better meat at the end of that month, than at any time of the year.

Now you are to know, that it is observed, that

usually the best *trouts* are either red or yellow, though some (as the *Fordidge trout*) be white and yet good ; but that is not usual : and it is a note observable, that the female *Trout* hath usually a less head, and a deeper body than the male *Trout* ; and is usually the better meat : and note that a hogback, and a little head to either *Trout*, *Salmon*, or any other fish, is a sign that that fish is in season.

But yet you are to note, that as you see some Willows or palm-trees bud and blossom sooner than others do, so some Trouts be in Rivers sooner in season ; and as some Hollies or Oaks are longer before they cast their leaves, so are some Trouts in Rivers longer before they go out of season.

And you are to note, that there are several kinds of *Trouts*, but these several kinds are not considered but by very few men, for they go under the general name of *Trouts* : just as Pigeons do in most places ; though it is certain there are tame, and wild Pigeons : and of the tame, their be *Helmits* and *Runts* and *Carriers*, and *Croppers*, and indeed too many to name. Nay, the *Royal Society* have found and publisht lately, that there be thirty and three kinds of Spiders : and yet, all (for ought I know) go under that one general name of *Spider*. And 'tis so with many kinds of Fish, and of *Trouts* especially, which differ in their bigness and shape, and spots, and colour. The great *Kentish Hens* may be an instance, compared to other Hens ; And doubtless there is a kind of small Trout, which will never thrive to be big, that breeds very many more than others do, that be of a larger size ; which you may rather believe, if you consider, that the little

*Wren* and *Titmouse* will have twenty young ones at a time, when usually the noble *Hawk* or the Musical *Thrassal* or *Black-bird* exceed not four or five.

And now you shall see me try my skill to catch a Trout, and at my next walking either this evening, or to morrow morning I will give you direction, how you your self shall fish for him.

*Venat.* Trust me, Master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a Trout than a *Cbub*: for I have put on patience, and followed you these two hours, and not seen a Fish stir, neither at your Minnow nor your Worm.

*Pisc.* Well Scholar, you must endure worse luck sometime, or you will never make a good Angler. But what say you now? there is a Trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him, and two or three turns more will tire him: Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him: Reach me that Landing Net: So (Sir) now he is mine own, what say you now? is not this worth all my labour and your patience?

*Venat.* On my word Master, this is a gallant Trout, what shall we do with him?

*Pisc.* Marry e'en eat him to supper: We'l go to my Hostess, from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother *Peter*, a good Angler and a chearful companion, had sent word he would lodge there to night, and bring a friend with him. My Hostess has two beds, and, I know, you and I may have the best: we'l rejoice with my brother *Peter* and his friend, tell tales, or sing Ballads, or make a Catch, or find some harmless

sport to content us, and pass away a little time without offence to God or man.

*Venat.* a match, good Master, lets go to that house for the linnen looks white, and smells of Lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so : lets be going, good Master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

*Pisc.* Nay, stay a little good Scholar, I caught my last *Trout* with a Worm, now I will put on a Minnow and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another, and so walk towards our Lodging. Look you Scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or not at all : Have with you (Sir !) o' my word I have hold of him. Oh it is a great logger-headed *Chub* ; Come, hang him upon that Willow twig, and lets be going, But turn out of the way a little, good Scholar, towards yonder high *hony-suckle* hedg : there we'll sit and sing whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant Meadows.

Look, under that broad *Beech-tree*, I sate down, when I was last this way a fishing, and the birds in the adjoyning Grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an *Eccho*, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that Primrose-hill ; there I sate viewing the silver-streams glide silently towards their center, the tempestuous Sea ; yet, sometimes opposed by rugged roots, and pebble stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam : and sometimes I beguil'd time by viewing the harmless Lambs, some leaping securely



in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the chearful Sun : and saw others craving comfort from the swoln Udders of their bleating Dams. As I thus sate, these and other sights had so fully possest my soul with content, that I thought as the Poet has happily exprest it :

*I was for that time lifted above earth ;  
And possest joys not promis'd in my birth,*

As I left this place, and entred into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me, 'twas a handsom milk-maid that had not yet attain'd so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be (as too many men too often do) but she cast away all care, and sung like a *Nightingale* : her voice was good, and the Ditty fitted for it ; 'twas that smooth song, which was made by *Kit. Marlow*, now at least fifty years ago : and the Milk-maids Mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir *Walter Rawleighb* in his younger days.

They were old fashioned Poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder ! on my word, yonder they both be a milking again, I will give her the *Chub*, and perswade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you good woman, I have been a Fishing, and am going to *Bleak-Hall* to my bed, and having caught more Fish than will sup my self and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your Daughter, for I use to sell none.

*Milkw.* Marry God requite you Sir, and we'll eat it chearfully : and if you come this way a Fishing two months hence, a grace of God I'll give you a Sillybub of new Verjuice in a new made Hay-cock, for it, and my *Maudlin* shall sing you one of her best *Ballads* ; for she and I both love all *Anglers*, they be such honest, civil, quiet men ; in the mean time will you drink a draught of *Red-Cows milk*, you shall have it freely.

*Pisc.* No, I thank you, but I pray do us a courtesie that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think our selves still something in your debt ; it is but to sing us a Song, that was sung by your daughter, when I last past over this Meadow, about eight or nine days since.

*Milk.* What Song was it, I pray ? was it, *Come Shepherds deck your berds*, or, *As at noon Dulcina rested* ; or, *Phillida flouts me* : or, *Cbevy Chase* ? or, *Jonny Armstrong* ? or *Troy Town* ?

*Pisc.* No, it is none of those : it is a Song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

*Milk.* O, I know it now, I learn'd the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter ; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the World began to take hold of me : but you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can, for we both love *Anglers*. Come *Maudlin*, sing the first part to the Gentlemen with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second, when you have done.

## The Milk-maids Song.

*Come live with me, and be my Love.  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That valleys, groves, or hills, or fields,  
Or woods, and steepy mountains yeilds.*

*Where we will sit upon the Rocks,  
And see the Shepherds feed our flocks,  
By shallow Rivers, to whose falls,  
Melodious birds sing Madrigals.*

*And I will make thee beds of Roses,  
And then a thousand fragrant Posies,  
A Cap of flowers, and a Kirtle  
Embroidered all with leaves of mirtle.*

*A Gown made of the finest Wool  
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull ;  
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold.*

*A Belt of Straw, and Ivy-buds,  
With Coral Clasps and Amber studs :  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me and be my Love.*

*Thy silver dishes for thy meat,  
As precious as the Gods do eat,  
Shall on an Ivory Table be  
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.*

*The Shepherds Swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May-morning :  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my Love.*

*Venat.* Trust me, Master, it is a choice Song, and sweetly sung by honest *Maudlin*. I now see it was not without cause, that our good Queen *Elizabeth* did so often wish her self a Milkmaid all the month of *May*, because they are not troubled with fears and

cares, but sing sweetly all the day, and sleep securely all the night : and without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty *Maudlin* does so. I'll bestow Sir *Thomas Overbury's* Milk-maids wish upon her, *That she may dye in the Spring, and being dead may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding sheet.*

The Milk-maids Mothers Answer.

*If all the world and Love were young,  
And truth in every Shepherds tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy Love.*

*But time drives flocks from field to fold,  
When Rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,  
Then Philomel becometh dumb,  
And age complains of care to come.*

*The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward Winter reckoning yields,  
A hony tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancies spring, but sorrows fall ;*

*Thy gowns, thy shooes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.*

*Thy Belt of Straw, and Ivy-buds,  
Thy Coral clasps, and Amber-studs,  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy Love.*

*What should we talk of dainties then,  
Of better meat than's fit for men ?  
These are but vain : that's only good  
Which God hath blest, and sent for food.*

*But could Youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, nor age no need ;  
Then those delights my mind might move,  
To live with thee, and be thy Love.*

*Mother*, Well I have done my Song ; but stay honest *Anglers*, for I will make *Maudlin* to sing you one short Song more. *Maudlin* ; sing that Song that you sung last night, when young *Corydon* the Shepherd plaid so purely on his *oaten pipe* to you and your Cozen Betty.

*Maud.* I will Mother.

*I married a Wife of late,  
The more's my unhappy fate :  
I married her for love,  
As my fancy did me move,  
And not for a worldly estate :*

*But Oh ! the green-sickness  
Soon changed her likeness ;  
And, all her beauty did fail.  
But 'tis not so,  
With those that go,  
Through frost and snow,  
As all men know,  
And, carry the Milking-pail.*

*Pisc.* Well sung good Woman I thank you, I'll give you another dish of fish one of these days ; and then, beg another Song of you. Come Scholar, let *Maudlin* alone : do not you offer to spoil her voice. Look, yonder comes mine *Hostess*, to call us to supper. How now ? is my Brother *Peter* come ?

*Hostess* : Yes, and a friend with him, they are both glad to hear that you are in these parts, and long to see you, and long to be at supper, for they be very hungry.



## CHAP. V.

*More Directions how to Fish for, and how to make for the Trout an Artificial Minnow, and Flies, with some Merriment.*

**PISC.** Well met Brother *Peter*, I heard you and a friend would lodge here to night, and that hath made me to bring my Friend to lodge here too. My Friend is one that would fain be a *Brother of the Angle*, he hath been an *Angler* but this day, and I have taught him how to catch a *Chub* by daping with a *Grass-hopper*, and the *Chub* he caught was a lusty one of nineteen inches long. But pray Brother *Peter* who is your companion?

*Peter.* Brother *Piscator*, my friend is an honest *Country-man*, and his name is *Coridon*, and he is a downright witty companion that met me here purposely to be pleasant and eat a *Trout*, And I have not

yet wetted my Line since we met together? but I hope to fit him with a *Trout* for his breakfast, for I'll be early up.

*Pisc.* Nay Brother you shall not stay so long : for  
 look you here is  
 a Trout will fill  
 six reasonable  
 bellies. Come  
 Hostess, dress it  
 present-ly, and  
 get us what  
 other meat the  
 house will af-  
 ford, and give us



some of your best *Barly-wine*, the good liquor that our honest Fore-fathers did use to drink of; the drink which preserved their health, and made them live so long, and to do so many good deeds.

*Peter.* O' my word this *Trout* is perfect in season. Come, I thank you, and here is a hearty draught to you, and to all the brothers of the Angle wheresoever they be, and to my young brothers good fortune to morrow : I will furnish him with a Rod, if you will furnish him with the rest of the Tackling ; we will set him up and make him a Fisher.

And I will tell him one thing for his encouragement, that his fortune hath made him happy to be Scholar to such a Master ; a Master that knows as much both of the nature and breeding of fish as any man : and can also tell him as well how to catch and cook them, from the *Minnow* to the *Salmon*, as any that I ever met withall.

*Pisc.* Trust me, brother *Peter*, I find my Scholar to be so sutable to my own humour, which is to be free and pleasant, and civilly merry, that my resolution is to hide nothing that I know from him. Believe me, Scholar, this is my resolution ; and so here's to you a hearty draught, and to all that love us, and the honest Art of Angling.

*Ven.* Trust me, good Master, you shall not sow your seed in barren ground, for I hope to return you an increase answerable to your hopes ; but however you shall find me obedient, and thankful, and serviceable to my best abilitie.

*Pisc.* 'Tis enough, honest Scholar, come lets to supper. Come my friend *Coridon* this *Trout* looks lovely, it was twentie two inches when it was taken, and the belly of it looked some part of it as yellow as a Marigold, and part of it as white as a lilly, and yet methinks it looks better in this good sawce.

*Cor.* Indeed honest friend, it looks well, and tastes well, I thank you for it, and so doth my friend *Peter*, or else he is to blame.

*Pet.* Yes, and so I do, we all thank you, and when we have supt, I will get my friend *Coridon* to sing you a Song for requital.

*Cor.* I will sing a song, if any body will sing another ; else, to be plain with you, *I will sing none* : I am none of those that sing for meat, but for company : I say, '*Tis merry in Hall, when men sing all.*

*Pisc.* I'l promise you I'l sing a song that was lately made at my request, by Mr. *William Basse*, one that hath made the choice songs of the *Hunter in his*



*cariere*, and of *Tom of Bedlam*, and many others of note ; and this that I will sing is in praise of Angling.

*Cor.* And then mine shall be the praise of a Country mans life : What will the rest sing of ?

*Pet.* I will promise you, I will sing another song in praise of Angling to morrow night, for we will not part till then, but Fish to morrow, and sup together, and the next day every man leave Fishing, and fall to his businesse.

*Venat.* 'Tis a match, and I will provide you a Song or a Catch against then too, which shall give some addition of mirth to the company ; for we will be civil and as merry as begers.

*Pisc.* 'Tis a match my Masters, lets ev'n say Grace, and turn to the fire, drink the other cup to wet our whistles, and so sing away all sad thoughts.

Come on my Masters, who begins ? I think it is best to draw cuts, and avoid contention.

*Pet.* It is a match. Look, the shortest cut falls to *Coridon*.

*Cor.* Well then, I will begin, for I hate contention.

### CORIDONS Song.

*Oh the sweet contentment  
The country-man doth find !  
high trolollie loe  
high trolollie lee,  
That quiet contemplation  
possesseth all my mind :  
Then care away,  
and wend along with me.*

*For Courts are full of flattery,  
As hath too oft been tri'd ;  
    high trolollie lollie lee, &c.  
The City full of wantonness,  
And both are full of pride :  
    Then care away, &c.*

*But oh the honest Country-man  
Speaks truly from his heart,  
    high trolollie lollie lee, &c.  
His pride is in his tillage,  
His horses, and his cart :  
    Then care away, &c.*

*Our cloathing is good sheep skins,  
Gray russet for our wives,  
    high trolollie lollie lee, &c.  
'Tis warmth and not gay cloathing  
That doth prolong our lives :  
    Then care away, &c.*

*The plough man, though he labour hard,  
Yet on the Holy-Day,  
    high trolollie lollie lee, &c.  
No Emperour so merrily  
Does passe his time away :  
    Then care away, &c.*

*To recompence our tillage,  
The Heavens afford us showers ;  
    high trolollie lollie lee, &c.  
And for our sweet refreshments  
The earth affords us bowers :  
    Then care away, &c.*

*The Cuckow and the Nightingale  
Full merrily do sing,  
    high trolollie lollie lee, &c.  
And with their pleasant roundelaies  
Bid welcome to the Spring.  
    Then care away, &c.*

*This is not half the happiness  
The country-man enjoys ;  
    high trolollie lollie lee, &c.*

*Though others think they have as much,  
Yet he that says so lies :*

*Then come away, turn  
Country man with me.*

*Jo. Chalkhill*

*Pisc.* Well sung *Coridon*, this song was sung with mettle ; and it was choicely fitted to the occasion ; I shall love you for it as long as I know you ; I would you were a brother of the Angle, for a companion that is chearful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning ; nor men (that cannot well bear it) to repent the money they spend when they be warmed with drink : and take this for a rule, You may pick out such times and such companies, that you may make your selves merrier for a little than a great deal of money ; for *'Tis the company and not the charge that makes the feast :* and such a companion you prove, I thank you for it.

But I will not complement you out of the debt that I owe you, and therefore I will begin my Song and wish it may be so well liked.

### The Anglers Song.

*As inward love breeds outward talk,  
The Hound some praise, and some the Hawk :  
Some better pleas'd with private sport,  
Use Tennis, some a Mistress court :  
But these delights I neither wish,  
Nor envy, while I freely fish.*

*Who Hunts, doth oft in danger ride ;  
Who Hawks, lures oft both far and wide ;  
Who uses Games shall often prove  
A loser ; but who falls in love,  
Is fettered in fond Cupids snare :  
My Angle breeds me no such care.*

*Of Recreation there is none  
 So free as Fishing is alone ;  
 All other pastimes do no lesse  
 Than mind and body both possesse :  
     My hand alone my work can doe,  
     So I can fish and study too.*

*I care not, I, to fish in seas  
 Fresh rivers best my mind do please,  
 Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,  
 And seek in life to imitate :  
     In civil bounds I fain would keep,  
     And for my past offences weep.*

*And when the timorous Trout I wait  
 To take, and he devours my bait,  
 How poor a thing sometimes I find  
 Will captivate a greedy mind :  
     And when none bite, I praise the wise,  
     Whom vain allurements ne're surprise.*

*But yet though while I fish I fast ;  
 I make good fortune my repast,  
 And thereunto my friend invite,  
 In whom I more than that delight :  
     Who is more welcom to my dish,  
     Than to to my angle was my fish,*

*As well content no prize to take,  
 As use of taken prize to make :  
 For so our Lord was pleased when  
 He fishers made fishers of men :  
     Where (which is in no other game)  
     A man may fish and praise his name.*

*The first men that our Saviour dear  
 Did chuse to wait upon him here,  
 Blest Fishers were, and fish the last  
 Food was, that he on earth did taste.  
     I therefore strive to follow those,  
     Whom he to follow him hath chose,*

*Cor.* Well sung brother, you have paid your debt

in good coin, we Anglers are all beholding to the good man that made this Song. Come Hostess, give us more Ale, and lets drink to him.

And now lets every one go to bed that we may rise early ; but first lets pay our reckoning, for I will have nothing to hinder me in the morning for my purpose is to prevent the Sun-rising.

*Pet.* A match ; Come *Coridon*, you are to be my Bed-fellow : I know, brother, you and your Scholar will lie together ; but where shall we meet to morrow night ? for my friend *Coridon* and I will go up the water towards *Ware*.

*Pisc.* And my Scholar and I will go down towards *Waltbam*.

*Cor.* Then lets meet here, for here are fresh sheets that smell of *Lavender*, and I am sure we cannot expect better meat, or better usage in any place.

*Pet.* 'Tis a match. Good night to every body.

*Pisc.* And so say I.

*Venat.* And so say I.

*Pisc.* Good morrow good Hostess, I see my brother *Peter* is still in bed : Come give my Scholar and me a Morning-drink, and a bit of meat to breakfast, and be sure to get a good dish of meat or two against supper, for we shall come home as hungry as Hawks. Come Scholar, lets be going.

*Venat.* Well now, good Master, as we walk towards the River give me direction, according to your promise, how I shall fish for a *Trout*.

*Pisc.* My honest Scholar, I will take this very convenient opportunity to do it.

The Trout is usually caught with a worm or a *Minnow*, (which some call a *Penk*) or with a *flie*, viz. either a *natural* or an *artificial flie*: concerning which three I will give you some observations and directions.

And first for Worms: Of these there be very many sorts, some breed only in the earth, as the *Earth-worm*; others of or amongst Plants, as the *Dug-worm*; and others breed either out of excrements, or in the bodies of living creatures, as in the horns of Sheep or Deer; or some of dead flesh, as the *Maggot* or *gentle*, and others.

Now these be most of them particularly good for particular Fishes: but for the *Trout* the *dew-worm*, (which some also call the *Lob-worm*) and the *Brandling* are the chief; and especially the first for a great Trout, and the latter for a less. There be also of *Lob-worms* some called *squirrel-tailes*, (a worm that has a red head, a streak down the back and a broad tail) which are noted to be the best, because they are the toughest and most lively, and live longest in the water: for you are to know, that a dead worm is but a dead bait and like to catch nothing, compared to a lively, quick, stirring worm: and for a *Brandling*, he is usually found in an old dunghil, or some very rotten place near to it: but most usually in Cow-dung, or hogs-dung, rather than horse-dung, which is somewhat too hot and dry for that worm. But the best of them are to be found in the bark of the Tanners which they cast up in heaps after they have used it about their leather.

There are also divers other kinds of worms which

for colour and shape alter even as the ground out of which they are got, as the *marsh-worm*, the *tag-tail*, the *stag-worm*, the *dock-worm*, the *oak-worm*, the *gilt-tayle*, the *twachel* or *lob-worm* (which of all others is the most excellent bait for a *Salmon*) and too many to name, even as many sorts, as some think there be of several hearbs or shrubs, or of several kinds of birds in the air ; of which I shall say no more, but tell you, that what worms soever you fish with, are the better for being well scowred, that is long kept, before they be used ; and in case you have not been so provident, then the way to cleanse and scowr them quickly, is to put them all night in water, if they be *Lob-worms*, and then put them into your bag with fennel : but you must not put your Brandlings above an hour in water, and then put them into fennel for suddain use : but if you have time and purpose to keep them long, then they be best preserved in an earthen pot with good store of *Mosse*, which is to be fresh every three or four dayes in Summer, and every week or eight dayes in Winter : or at least the mosse taken from them, and clean washed, and wrung betwixt your hands till it be dry, and then put it to them again. And when your worms, especially the Brandling, begins to be sick, and lose of his bigness, then you may recover him, by putting a little milk or cream (about a spoonful in a day) into them by drops on the mosse ; and if there be added to the cream an egge beaten and boiled in it, then it will both fatten and preserve them long. And note, that when the *knot*, which is near to the middle of the *brandling* begins to swell,

then he is sick, and, if he be not well look'd to, is near dying. And for mosse, you are to note, that there be divers kinds of it, which I could name to you, but will onely tell you, that that which is likest a *Bucks-Horn* is the best, except it be soft white moss, which grows on some heaths, and is hard to be found. And note, that in a very dry time, when you are put to an extremity for worms, Walnut-tree leaves squeez'd into water, or salt in water, to make it bitter or salt, and then that water poured on the ground, where you shall see worms are used to rise in the night, will make them to appear above ground presently. And you may take notice some say that *Camphire* put into your bag with your mosse and worms, gives them a strong and so tempting a smell, that the fish fare the worse and you the better for it.

And now, I shall shew you how to bait your hook with a worm, so as shall prevent you from much trouble, and the loss of many a hook too ; when you Fish for a *Trout* with a running line : that is to say, when you fish for him by hand at the ground, I will direct you in this as plainly as I can, that you may not mistake.

*Suppose it be a big Lob-worm, put your book into him somewhat above the middle, and out again a little below the middle : having so done, draw your worm above the arming of your hook, but note that at the entring of your book it must not be at the head-end of the worm, but at the tail-end of him, (that the point of your book may come out toward the head-end) and having drawn him above the arming of your hook, then put the point of your book again into the very head of the worm, till it come*



*near to the place where the point of the hook first came out : and then draw back that part of the worm that was above the shank or arming of your hook, and so fish with it. And if you mean to fish with two worms, then put the second on before you turn back the books-bead of the first worm ; you cannot lose above two or three worms before you attain to what I direct you ; and having attain'd it, you will find it very useful, and thank me for it : For you will run on the ground without tangling.*

Now for the *Minnow* or *Penk*, he is not easily found and caught till *March*, or in *April*, for then he appears first in the River, Nature having taught him to shelter and hide himself in the Winter in ditches that be near to the River, and there both to hide and keep himself warm in the mud or in the weeds, which rot not so soon as in a running River, in which place if he were in Winter, the distempered Floods that are usually in that season, would suffer him to take no rest, but carry him head-long to Mills and Weires to his confusion. And of these *Minnows*, first you are to know, that the biggest size is not the best ; and next, that the middle size and the whitest are the best : and then you are to know, that your *Minnow* must be so put on your hook that it must turn round when 'tis drawn against the stream, and that it may turn nimbly, you must put it on a big-sized hook as I shall now direct you, which is thus. Put your hook in at his mouth and out at his gill, then having drawn your hook 2 or 3 inches beyond or through his gill, put it again into his mouth, and the point and beard out at his taile, and then tie the hook and his taile about very neatly with a white

thred, which will make it the apter to turn quick in the water : that done, pull back that part of your line which was slack when you did put your hook into the *Minnow* the second time : I say pull that part of your line back so that it shall fasten the head, so that the body of the *Minnow* shall be almost streight on your hook ; this done, try how it will turn by drawing it cross the water or against a stream, and if it do not turn nimbly, then turn the tail a little to the right or left hand, and try again, till it turn quick ; for if not ? you are in danger to catch nothing ; for know, that it is impossible that it should turn too quick : And you are yet to know, that in case you want a *Minnow*, then a small *Loch* or a *Stickle-bag*, or any other small fish that will turn quick will serve as well : And you are yet to know, that you may salt them, and by that means keep them ready and fit for use three or four days, or longer, and that of salt, bay-salt is the best.

And here let me tell you, what many old Anglers know right well, that at some times, and in some waters a *Minnow* is not to be got, and therefore let me tell you, I have (which I will shew to you) an *artificial Minnow*, that will catch a Trout as well as an *artificial Flie*, and it was made by a handsom Woman that had a fine hand, and a live *Minnow* lying by her : *the mould or body of the Minnow was cloth, and wrought upon or over it thus with a needle : the back of it with very sad French green silk, and paler green silk towards the belly, shadowed as perfectly as you can imagine, just as you see a Minnow ; the belly was wrought also with a needle, and it was a part of it white*

*silk, and another part of it with silver thred, the tail and fins were of a quill, which was shaven thin, the eyes were of two little black beads, and the head was so shadowed, and all of it so curiously wrought, and so exactly dissembled, that it would beguile any sharpe sighted Trout in a swift stream. And this Minnow I will now shew you, (look here it is) and if you like it, lend it you, to have two or three made by it, for they be easily carryed about an Angler, and be of excellent use; for note, that a large Trout will come as fiercely at a Minnow, as the biggest mettled Hawk doth seize on a Partridg, or a Greyhound on a Hare. I have been told, that 160 Minnows have been found in a Trouts belly; either the Trout had devoured so many; or the Miller that gave it a friend of mine had forced them down his throat after he had taken him.*

Now for *Flies*, which is the third bait wherewith *Trouts* are usually taken. You are to know, that there are so many sorts of *Flies* as there be of *Fruits*: I will name you but some of them, as the *dun-flie*, the *stone-flie*, the *red-flie*, the *moor-flie*, the *tawny-flie*, the *shell-flie*, the *cloudy*, or *blackish-flie*, the *flag-flie*, the *vine-flie*: there be of *flies*, *Caterpillars*, and *Canker-flies*, and *Bear-flies*, and indeed too many either for me to name or for you to remember: and their breeding is so various and wonderful, that I might easily amaze my self, and tire you in a relation of them.

And yet I will exercise your promised patience by saying a little of the *Caterpillar* or the *Palmer-flie* or *worm*, that by them you may guess what a work it were in a Discourse but to run over those very

many *flies*, *worms* and little living creatures with which the Sun and Summer adorn and beautifie the River banks and Meadows ; both for the recreation and contemplation of us Anglers, pleasures which (I think) my self enjoy more than any other man that is not of my profession.

*Pliny* holds an opinion, that many have their birth or being from a dew that in the Spring falls upon the leaves of trees ; and that some kinds of them are from a dew left upon herbs or flowers ; and others from a dew left upon Coleworts or Cabbages : All which kinds of dews being thickned and condensed, are by the Suns generative heat most of them hatch'd, and in three days made living creatures ; and these of several shapes and colours ; some being hard and tough, some smooth and soft ; some are horned in their head, some in their tail, some have none : some have hair, some none : some have sixteen feet, some less, and some have none, *In his* but (as our *Topsel* hath with great diligence *history of* observed) those which have none, move upon *Serpents.* the earth or upon broad leaves, their motion being not unlike to the waves of the Sea. Some of them he also observes to be bred of the Eggs of other Caterpillars, and that those in their time turn to be *Butter-flies* : and again, that their Eggs turn the following year to be *Caterpillars*. And some affirm, that every plant has his particular flie or Caterpillar, which it breeds and feeds. I have seen, and may therefore affirm it, a green Caterpillar, or worm, as big as a small Peascod, which had fourteen legs, eight on the belly, four under the neck, and two

near the tail. It was found on a hedge of Privet, and was taken thence, and put into a large Box, and a little branch or two of Privet put to it, on which I saw it feed as sharply as a dog gnaws a bone : it lived thus five or six daies, and thrived, and changed the colour two or three times, but by some neglect in the keeper of it, it then dyed and did not turn to a flie : but if it had lived, it had doubtless turned to one of those flies that some call flies of prey, which those that walk by the Rivers may in Summer, see fasten on smaller flies, and I think make them their food. And 'tis observable, that as there be these *flies of prey* which be very large, so there be others very little, created, I think, only to feed them, and breed out of I know not what ; whose life, they say, Nature intended not to exceed an hour, and yet that life is thus made shorter by other flies, or accident.

'Tis endless to tell you what the curious searchers into Natures productions have observed of these Worms and Flies : But yet I shall tell you what *Aldrovandus*, our *Topsel*, and others say of the *Palmer-worm* or *Caterpillar*, That whereas others content themselves to feed on particular herbs or leaves, (for most think those very leaves that gave them life and shape, give them a particular feeding and nourishment, and that upon them they usually abide) yet he observes, that this is called a *pilgrim* or *palmer-worm*, for his very wandring life and various food ; not contenting himself (as others do) with any one certain place for his abode, nor any certain kind of herb or flower for his feeding ; but will boldly and

disorderly wander up and down, and not endure to be kept to a diet, or fixt to a particular place :

Nay, the very colours of *Caterpillars* are, as one has observed, very elegant and beautiful : I shall (for a taste of the rest) describe one of them, which I will sometime the next month shew you feeding on a Willow-tree, and you shall find him punctually to answer this very description ; *His lips and mouth somewhat yellow, his eyes black as Jet, his forehead purple, his feet and hinder parts green, his tail two forked and black, the whole body stained with a kind of red spots which run along the neck and shoulderblade, not unlike the form of Saint Andrew's Cross, or the letter X, made thus cross-wise, and a white line drawn down his back to his tail ; all which add much beauty to his whole body.* And it is to me observable, that at a fixed age this *Caterpillar* gives over to eat, and towards Winter comes to be covered over with a strange shell or crust called an *Aurelia*, and so lives a kind of dead life, without eating all the Winter ; and (as *View Sir* others of several kinds turn to be several *Fra. Bacon* kinds of flies and vermin the Spring fol-<sup>*exper.* 728</sup> lowing (so this *Caterpillar* then turns to be *& 90. in his* a *Painted Butter-fly.* *Natural History.*

Come, come my Scholar, you see the River stops our morning walk, and I will also here stop my discourse, only as we sit down under this *Honey-suckle* hedg, whilst I look a Line to fit the Rod that our brother *Peter* hath lent you, I shall for a little confirmation of what I have said, repeat the observation of *Du Bartas* :

6. Day of Du  
Bartas.

*God not contented to each kind to give,  
And to infuse the vertue generative,  
By his wise power made many creatures breed  
Of liveless bodies without Venus deed.*

*So the cold humor breeds the Salamander,  
who (in effect) like to her births commander,  
With child with hundred winters, with her touch  
Quencheth the fire though glowing ne'r so much.*

*So in the fire in burning furnace springs  
The Fly Perausta with the flaming wings ;  
Without the fire it dyes, in it it joyes,  
Living in that which all things else destroyes.*

View Gerh.  
Herbal and  
Cambden.

*So slow Boötes underneath him sees  
In th' Icy Islands goslings hatcht of trees,  
Whose fruitful leaves falling into the water,  
Are turn'd ('tis known) to living fowls soon after.*

*So rotten planks of broken ships do change  
To Barnacles. O transformation strange !  
'Twas first a green tree, then a broken hull,  
Lately a mushrome, now a flying Gull.*

*Venat.* O my good Master, this morning-walk has been spent to my great pleasure and wonder : but I pray, when shall I have your direction how to make artificial flies, like to those that the *Trout* loves best ? and also how to use them ?

*Pisc.* My honest Scholar, it is now past five of the Clock, we will fish till nine, and then go to breakfast : Go you to yonder *Sycamore-tree*, and hide your Bottle of drink under the hollow root of it ; for about that time, and in that place, we will make a brave breakfast with a piece of powdered Beef, and a Radish or two that I have in my Fish-bag ; we shall, I warrant you, make a good, honest, wholesome, hungry breakfast, and I will then give you direction

for the making and using of your flies : and in the mean time there is your Rod and Line, and my advice is, that you fish as you see me do, And let's try which can catch the first Fish.

*Venat.* I thank you Master, I will observe and practice your direction as far as I am able.

*Pisc.* Look you Scholar, you see I have hold of a good Fish : I now see it is a Trout, I pray, put that Net under him, and touch not my line for if you do, then we break all. Well done Scholar, I thank you.

Now for another. Trust me I have another bite : come Scholar, come lay down your Rod, and help me to land this as you did the other. So, now we shall be sure to have a good dish of Fish for supper.

*Venat.* I am glad of that ; but I have no fortune : sure, Master, yours is a better Rod, and better tackling.

*Pisc.* Nay, then take mine, and I will fish with yours. Look you, Scholar, I have another ; come, do as you did before. And now I have a bite at another : Oh me ! he has broke all ; there's half a line and a good hook lost.

*Venat.* I and a good *Trout* too.

*Pisc.* Nay, the *Trout* is not lost, for pray take notice no man can lose what he never had.

*Venat.* Master, I can neither catch with the first nor second Angle : I have no fortune.

*Pisc.* Look you, Scholar, I have yet another : and now having caught three brace of Trouts, I will tell you a short Tale as we walk towards our breakfast : *A Scholar (a Preacher I should say) that was to preach*



*to procure the approbation of a Parish, that he might be their Lecturer, had got from his Fellow-pupil the copy of a Sermon that was first preached with great commendation by him that composed it; and though the borrower of it preach'd it word for word, as it was at first, yet it was utterly disliked as it was preached by the second to his Congregation: which the sermon-borrower complained of to the lender of it, and was thus answered; I lent you indeed my Fiddle, but not my Fiddlestick; for you are to know, that every one cannot make musick with my words, which are fitted for my own mouth. And so, my Scholar, you are to know, that as the ill pronounciation or ill accenting of words in a Sermon spoils it, so the ill carriage of your line, or not fishing even to a foot in a right place, makes you lose your labour: and you are to know, that though you have my Fiddle, that is, my very Rod and Tacklings with which you see I catch Fish; yet you have not my Fiddlestick, that is, you yet have not skill to know how to carry your hand and line, nor how to guide it to a right place: and this must be taught you (for you are to remember I told you, Angling is an Art) either by practice, or a long observation or both. But take this for a rule, when you fish for a Trout with a Worm, let your line have so much, and not more Lead than will fit the stream in which you fish; that is to say; more in a great troublesom stream than in a smaller that is quieter; as near as may be, so much as will sink the bait to the bottom, and keep it still in motion, and not more.*

But now lets say Grace and fall to breakfast: what say you, Scholar, to the providence of an old

Angler? does not this meat taste well? and was not this place well chosen to eat it? for this Sycamore-tree will shade us from the Suns heat.

*Venat.* All excellent good, and my stomach excellent good too. And I now remember and find that true which devout *Lessius* says, *That poor men, and those that fast often, have much more pleasure in eating than rich men and gluttons, that always feed before their stomachs are empty of their last meat, and call for more: for by that means they rob themselves of that pleasure that hunger brings to poor men.* And I do seriously approve of that saying of yours, *That you had rather be a civil, well-govern'd, well grounded, temperate, poor Angler, than a drunken Lord.* But I hope there is none such; however I am certain of this, that I have been at many very costly dinners that have not afforded me half the content that this has done, for which I thank God and you.

And now good Master, proceed to your promised direction for making and ordering my Artificial flie.

*Pisc.* My honest Scholar, I will do it, for it is a debt due unto you by my promise: and because you shall not think your self more engaged to me than indeed you really are, I will freely give you such directions as were lately given to me by an ingenuous brother of the Angle, an honest man, and a most excellent *Flie-fisher*.

You are to note, that there are twelve kinds of Artificial made Flies to Angle with upon the top of the water (note by the way, that the fittest season of using these is in a blustering windy day, when the waters are so troubled that the natural flie cannot be

seen, or rest upon them.) The first is the *dun-flie* in *March*, the body is made of *dun wool*, the wings of the Partridges feathers. The second is another *dun-Flie*, the body of *Black wool*, and the wings made of the black Drakes feathers, and of the feathers under his tail. The third is the *stone-flie* in *April*, the body is made of *black wool* made yellow under the wings, and under the tail, and so made with wings of the Drake. The fourth is the *ruddy Flie* in the beginning of *May*, the body made of *red wool* wrapt about with black silk, and the feathers are the wings of the Drake, with the feathers of a red Capon also, which hang dangling on his sides next to the tail. The fifth is the *yellow* or *greenish-flie* (in *May* likewise) the body made of *yellow wool*, and the wings made of the red cocks hackle or tail. The sixth is, the *black Flie* in *May* also, the body made of *black wool* and lapt about with the herl of a Peacocks tail; the wings are made of the wings of a brown Capon with his blew feathers in his head. The seventh is the sad *yellow-flie* in *June*, the body is made of *black wool*, with a yellow list on either side, and the wings taken off the wings of a Buzzard, bound with black braked hemp. The eighth is the *moorish flie* made with the body of duskish Wool, and the wings made of the blackish mail of the Drake. The ninth is the *tawny-flie*, good until the middle of *June*; the body made of *tawny-wool*, the wings made contrary one against the other, made of the whitish mail of the wild Drake. The tenth is the *Wasp-flie* in *July*, the body made of *black wool*, lapt about with yellow silk, the wings made of the feathers of the Drake, or of

the Buzzard. The Eleventh is the *shell-flie*, good in mid *July*, the body made of greenish wool lapt about with the herle of a Peacocks tail; and the wings made of the wings of a Buzzard. The twelfth is the dark *Drake-flie*, good in *August*, the body made with *black Wool*, lapt about with black silk : his wings are made with the mail of the black Drake, with a black head. Thus have you a Jury of flies likely to betray and condemn all the Trouts in the River.

I shall next give you some other Directions for Flie-fishing, such as are given by Mr. *Thomas Barker*, a Gentleman that hath spent much time in Fishing : but I shall do it with a little variation.

First, let your Rod be light, and very gentle, I take the best to be of two pieces, and let not your Line exceed (especially for three or four links next to the hook) I say, not exceed three or four hairs at the most, though you may Fish a little stronger above in the upper part of your Line : but if you can attain to Angle with one hair, you shall have more rises and catch more Fish. Now you must be sure not to cumber your self with too long a Line, as most do : and before you begin to Angle, cast to have the wind on your back, and the Sun (if it shines) to be before you, and to fish down the stream ; and carry the point or top of your Rod downward, by which means the shadow of your self, and Rod too will be the least offensive to the Fish, for the sight of any shade amazes the fish, and spoils your sport, of which you must take a great care.

In the middle of *March* (till which time a man should not in honesty catch a Trout) or in *April*, if

the weather be dark, or a little windy or cloudy, the best fishing is with the *Palmer-worm*, of which I last spoke to you, but of these there be divers kinds, or at least of divers colours ; these and the *May-flie* are the ground of all Flie-angling, which are to be thus made.

*First*, you must arm your hook with the line in the inside of it, then take your Scissars, and cut so much of a brown Mallards feather as in your own reason will make the wings of it, you having withal regard to the bigness or littleness of your hook, then lay the outmost part of your feather next to your hook, then the point of your feather next the shank of your hook ; and having so done, whip it three or four times about the hook with the same Silk, with which your hook was armed, and having made the Silk fast, take the hackle of a *Cock* or *Capons* neck, or a *Plovers* top, which is usually better : take off the one side of the feather, and then take the hackle, Silk, or Crewel, Gold or Silver thred, make these fast at the bent of the hook, that is to say, below your arming ; then you must take the hackle, the Silver or Gold thred, and work it up to the wings, shifting or still removing your finger, as you turn the Silk about the hook : and still looking at every stop or turn, that your Gold, or what materials soever you make your *Flie* of, do lie right and neatly ; and if you find they do so, then when you have made the head, make all fast, and then work your hackle up to the head, and make that fast : and then with a needle or pin divide the wing into two, and then with the arming Silk whip it about cross-

waies betwixt the wings; and then with your thumb you must turn the point of the feather towards the bent of the hook, and then work three or four times about the shank of the hook, and then view the proportion, and if all be neat and to your liking fasten.

I confess, no direction can be given to make a man of a dull capacity able to make a Flie well: and yet I know, this with a little practice will help an ingenuous Angler in a good degree: but to see a Flie made by an Artist in that kind, is the best teaching to make it, and then an ingenuous Angler may walk by the River and mark what flies fall on the water that day, and catch one of them, if he see the *Trouts* leap at a flie of that kind: and then having alwaies hooks ready hung with him, and having a bag also always with him, with Bears hair, or the hair of a brown or sad-coloured Heifer, hackles of a Cock or Capon, several coloured Silk and Crewel to make the body of the flie, the feathers of a Drakes head, black or brown Sheeps wool, or Hogs wool, or hair, thred of Gold and of Silver: Silk of several colours (especially sad coloured to make the flies head :) and there be also other coloured feathers both of little birds and of peckled fowl. I say, having those with him in a bag, and trying to make a flie, though he miss at first, yet shall he at last hit it better, even to such a perfection, as none can well teach him; and if he hit to make his Flie right, and have the luck to hit also where there is store of *Trouts*, a dark day, and a right wind, he will catch such store of them, as will encourage him to grow more and more in love with the Art of *Fly-making*.

*Venat.* But my loving master, if any wind will not serve, then I wish I were in *Lapland*, to buy a good wind of one of the honest Witches, that sell so many winds there, and so cheap.

*Pisc.* Marry Scholar, but I would not be there, nor indeed from under this tree: for look how it begins to rain, and by the clouds, if I mistake not we shall presently have a smoaking showre, and therefore sit close, this *Sycamore-tree* will shelter us: and I will tell you, as they shall come into my mind, more observations of flie-fishing for a Trout.

But first for the wind, you are to take notice, that of the winds the *Southwind* is said to be best. One observes, That

——— *When the wind is South,  
It blows your bait into a fishes mouth.*

Next to that, the *West* wind is believed to be the best: and having told you that the *East* wind is the worst, I need not tell you which wind is the best in the third degree: And yet (as *Solomon* observes) that *He that considers the wind shall never sow*: so he that busies his head too much about them, (if the weather be not made extream cold by an East wind) shall be a little superstitious: For as it is observed by some, That there is no good Horse of a bad colour; so I have observed that if it be a cloudy day, and not extream cold, let the Wind sit in what corner it will, and do its worst I heed it not. And yet take this for a rule, that I would willingly fish standing on the Lee-shore: and you are to take notice, that the fish lies or swims nearer the bottom,

and in deeper water in Winter than in Summer ; and also nearer the bottom in any cold day, and then gets nearest the Lee-side of the water.

But I promised to tell you more of the Flie-fishing for a *Trout*, which I may have time enough to do, for you see it rains *May-butter* : First for a *May-flie*, you may make his body with greenish coloured Crewel, or Willowish colour ; darkning it in most places with waxed Silk, or rib'd with black hair, or some of them rib'd with silver thred ; and such Wings for the colour as you see the flie to have at that season ; nay, at that very day on the water. Or you may make the Oak-flie with an Orange-tawny and black ground, and the brown of a Mallards feather for the Wings ; and you are to know, that these two are most excellent flies, that is, the *May-flie* and the *Oak-flie*. And let me again tell you, that you keep as far from the water as you can possibly, whether you fish with a flie or worm, and fish down the stream ; and when you fish with a flie, if it be possible, let no part of your line touch the water, but your flie only ; and be still moving your flie upon the water, or casting it into the water, you your self being also always moving down the stream. Mr. *Barker* commends several sorts of the *Palmer* flies, not only those rib'd with silver and gold, but others that have their bodies all made of black, or some with red, and a red hackle ; you may also make the *Hawthorn-flie*, which is all black, and not big, but very small, the smaller the better : or the *Oak-flie*, the body of which is Orange-colour and black Crewel, with a brown Wing ; or a flie made



with a *Peacocks* feather, is excellent in a bright day : You must be sure you want not in your *Magazine-bag* the *Peacocks* feather, and grounds of such wool and Crewel as will make the Grashopper ; and note that usually the smallest flies are the best ; and note also, that the light flie does usually make most sport in a dark day, and the darkest and least flie in a bright or clear day ; and lastly note, that you are to repair upon any occasion to your *Magazine-bag*, and upon any occasion vary and make them lighter or sadder according to your fancy or the day.

And now I shall tell you, that the fishing with a natural flie is excellent, and affords much pleasure ; they may be found thus, the *May-flie* usually in and about that month near to the River side, especially against rain ; the *Oak-flie* on the butt or body of an *Oak* or *Ash* from the beginning of *May* to the end of *August* ; It is a brownish flie, and easie to be so found, and stands usually with his head downward, that is to say, towards the root of the tree ; the small black flie, or Hawthorn flie, is to be had on any Hawthorn bush after the leaves be come forth : with these and a short Line (as I shewed to Angle for a *Chub*) you may dape or dop, and also with a *Grashopper* behind a tree, or in any deep hole, still making it to move on the top of the water, as if it were alive, and still keeping your self out of sight, you shall certainly have sport if there be *Trouts* ; yea, in a hot day, but especially in the evening of a hot day you will have sport.

And now, Scholar, my direction for flie-fishing is ended with this showre, for it has done raining ; and

now look about you, and see how pleasantly that Meadow looks ; nay, and the Earth smells as sweetly too. Come, let me tell you what holy Mr. *Herbert* says of such days and flowers as these, and then we will thank God that we enjoy them, and walk to the River and sit down quietly, and try to catch the other brace of *Trouts*.

*Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and skie,  
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to night,  
for thou must die.*

*Sweet Rose, whose hew angry and brave  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
and thou must die.*

*Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lye ;  
My Musick shews you have your closes,  
and all must dye.*

*Only a sweet and vertuous soul,  
Like seasoned Timber never gives,  
But when the whole world turns to coal,  
then chiefly lives.*

*Venat.* I thank you, good Master, for your good direction for Flie-fishing, and for the sweet enjoyment of the pleasant day, which is so far spent without offence to God or man : and I thank you for the sweet close of your discourse with Mr. *Herberts* Verses, who I have heard loved Angling : and I do the rather believe it, because he had a spirit suitable to Anglers, and to those primitive Christians, that you love, and have so much commended.

*Pisc.* Well my loving Scholar, and I am pleased,

to know that you are so well pleased with my direction and discourse.

And since you like these Verses of Mr. *Herberts* so well, let me tell you what a reverend and learned Divine that professes to imitate him (and has indeed done so most excellently) hath writ of our *Book of Common Prayer*, which I know you will like the better, because he is a friend of mine, and I am sure no enemy to Angling.

*What ? pray'r by th' book ? and common ? Yes, why not ?  
 The Spirit of grace,  
 And supplication,  
 Is not left free alone  
 For time and place,  
 But manner too : to read or speak by rote,  
 Is all alike to him, that prayes  
 In's heart, what with his mouth he says.*

*They that in private by themselves alone  
 Do pray, may take  
 What liberty they please,  
 In chusing of the ways  
 Wherein to make  
 Their souls most intimate affections known  
 To him that sees in secret, when  
 Th'are most conceal'd from other men.*

*But he, that unto others leads the way  
 In publick prayer,  
 Should do it so  
 As all that hear my know  
 They need not fear  
 To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and say,  
 Amen ; not doubt they were betray'd  
 To blaspheme, when they meant to have pray'd.*

*Devotion will add Life unto the Letter,  
 And why should not  
 That which Authority  
 Prescribes, esteemed be  
 Advantage got ?*

*If th' prayer be good, the commoner the better,  
Prayer in the Churches words, as well  
As sense, of all prayers bears the bell.*

Ch. Harvie.

And now, Scholar, I think it will be time to repair to our Angle-rods, which we left in the water, to fish for themselves, and you shall chuse which shall be yours ; and it is an even lay, one of them catches.

And, let me tell you, this kind of fishing with a dead rod, and laying night-hooks, are like putting money to Use, for they both work for the Owners, when they do nothing but sleep, or eat, or rejoyce ; as you know we have done this last hour, and sate as quietly and as free from cares under this *Sycamore*, as *Virgils Tityrus* and his *Melibæus* did under their broad *Beech-tree* : No life, my honest Scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant, as the life of a well governed *Angler* ; for when the *Lawyer* is swallowed up with business, and the *Statesman* is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on *Cowslip-banks*, hear the birds sing, and possess our selves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed my good Scholar, we may say of *Angling*, as Dr. *Boteler* said of *Strawberries* ; *Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did* : And so (if I might be Judge) *God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than Angling.*

I'll tell you Scholar, when I sate last on this *Primrose-bank*, and look'd down these Meadows ; I thought of them as *Charles* the Emperour did of the City of *Florence* : *That they were too pleasant to be*

*look'd on, but only on Holydays :* as I then sate on this very grass, I turn'd my present thoughts into verse :  
'Twas a wish which I'll repeat to you.

The Anglers wish.

*I in these flowry Meads wou'd be :  
These Chrystal streams should solace me ;  
To whose harmonious bubling noise,  
I with my Angle wo'd rejoice  
Sit here and see the Turtle-dove,  
Court his chaste Mate to acts of love,*

\* Like Hermit  
Poor.

*Or on that bank, feel the west wind  
Breath health and plenty, please my mind  
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,  
And then, washt off by April-showers :  
Here hear my Kenna sing \* a song,  
There see a Black-bird feed her young,  
Or a Leverock build her nest ;  
Here, give my weary spirits rest,  
And raise my low pitcht thoughts above  
Earth, or what poor mortals love :  
Thus free from Law-suits, and the noise  
Of Princes Courts I wou'd rejoyce.*

*Or, with my Bryan, and a book,  
Loyter long days near Shawford-brook ;  
There sit by him, and eat my meat,  
There see the Sun both rise and set :  
There bid good morning to next day,  
There meditate my time away :  
And angle on, and beg to have  
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.*

When I had ended this composure, I left this place. and saw a Brother of the Angle sit under that *hony-suckle-hedg* (one that will prove worth your acquaintance) I sate down by him, and presently we

met with an accidental piece of merriment, which I will relate to you ; for it rains still.

On the other side of this very hedge sate a gang of *Gypsies*, and near to them sate a gang of *Beggars* : the *Gypsies* were then to divide all the money that had been got that week, either by stealing linnen or poultrie, or by Fortune-telling, or Legerdemain, or indeed by any other sleights and secrets belonging to their mysterious Government. And the sum that was got that week proved to be but twenty and some odd shillings. The odd money was agreed to be distributed amongst the poor of their own Corporation ; and for the remaining twenty shillings, that was to be divided unto four Gentlemen *Gypsies*, according to their several degrees in their Commonwealth.

And the first or chiefest *Gypsie*, was by consent to have a third part of the twenty shillings ; which all men know is 6s. 8d.

The second was to have a fourth part of the 20s. which all men know to be 5s.

The third was to have a fifth part of the 20s. which all men know to be 4s.

The fourth and last *Gypsie*, was to have a sixth part of the 20s. which all men know to be 3s. 4d.

As for example,

3 times 6s. 8d. is—20s.

And so is 4 times 5s. ———20s.

And so is 5 times 4s. ———20s.

And so is 6 times 3s. 4d.——20s.

And yet he that divided the money was so very a *Gypsie*, that though he gave to every one

these said sums, yet he kept one shilling of it for himself.

As for example, s. d.

6	8
5	0
4	0
3	4

make but 19 0

But now you shall know, that when the four *Gypsies* saw that he had got one shilling by dividing the money, though not one of them knew any reason to demand more, yet like Lords and Courtiers every *Gypsie* envied him that was the gainer, and wrangled with him, and every one said the *remaining shilling belonged to him* : and so they fell to so high a contest about it, as none that knows the faithfulness of one *Gypsie* to another, will easily believe ; only we that have lived these last twenty years, are certain that money has been able to do much mischief. However the *Gypsies* were too wise to go to Law, and did therefore chuse their choice friends *Rook* and *Shark*, and our late English *Gusman* to be their Arbitrators and Umpires ; and so they left this *Hony-suckle-hedg*, and went to *tell fortunes*, and *cheat*, and get more money and lodging in the next Village.

When these were gone we heard as high a contention amongst the *beggars*, *Whether it was easiest to rip a Cloak, or to unrip a Cloak ?* One *beggar* affirmed it was all one. But that was denied by asking her,

*If doing and undoing were all one?* then another said, *'Twas easiest to unrip a Cloak*, for that was to let it alone. But she was answered, by asking her, how she unript it, if she let it alone? And she confest her self mistaken. These and twenty such like questions were proposed, and answered with as much beggarly Logick and earnestness, as was ever heard to proceed from the mouth of the most pertinacious Schismatick; and sometimes all the Beggars (whose number was neither more nor less than the Poets nine Muses) talk'd all together about this ripping and unripping, and so loud that not one heard what the other said; but at last one beggar crav'd audience, and told them, that old Father *Clause*, whom *Ben Johnson* in his Beggars-bush created King of their Corporation, was that night to lodg at an Ale-house (called *Catch-her-by-the-way*) not far from *Waltham-Cross*, and in the high-road towards *London*; and he therefore desired them to spend no more time about that and such like questions, but refer all to Father *Clause* at night, for he was an upright Judge, and in the mean time draw cuts what Song should be next sung, and who should sing it; They all agreed to the motion, and the lot fell to her that was the youngest, and veriest Virgin of the Company, and she sung *Frank Davisons* Song, which he made forty years ago, and all the others of the company joyned to sing the burthen with her: the Ditty was this, but first the burthen.

*Bright shines the Sun, play beggars, play,  
Here's scraps enough to serve to day.*



*What noise of viols is so sweet  
 As when our merry clappers ring ?  
 What mirth doth want when beggars meet ?  
 A beggars life is for a King :  
 Eat, drink and play, sleep when we list  
 Go where we will so stocks be mist.  
 Bright shines the Sun, play beggars play,  
 Here's scraps enough to serve to day.*

*The world is ours and ours alone,  
 For we alone have world at will ;  
 We purchase not, all is our own,  
 Both fields and streets we beggars fill :  
 Play beggars play, play beggers play,  
 Here's scraps enough to serve to day.*

*A hundred herds of black and white  
 Upon our Gonnys securely feed  
 And yet if any dare us bite,  
 He dies therefore as sure as Creed :  
 Thus beggars Lord it as they please,  
 And only beggars live at ease :  
 Bright shines the sun, play beggars play,  
 Here's scraps enough to serve to day.*

*Venat.* I thank you good Master, for this piece of merriment, and this Song, which was well humoured by the Maker, and well remembred by you.

*Pisc.* But I pray forget not the Catch which you promised to make against night, for our Countryman, honest *Coridon*, will expect your Catch and my Song, which I must be forced to patch up, for it is so long since I learnt it, that I have forgot a part of it. But come, now it hath done raining, let's stretch our legs a little in a gentle walk to the River, and try what interest our Angles will pay us for lending them so long to be used by the *Trouts*, lent them indeed, like Usurers, for our profit and their destruction.

*Venat.* Oh me, look you Master, a fish a fish, oh las Master, I have lost her !

*Pisc.* I marry Sir, that was a good fish indeed : if I had had the luck to have taken up that Rod, then 'tis twenty to one, he should not have broke my line by running to the rods end as you suffered him : I would have held him within the bend of my Rod (unless he had been fellow to the great *Trout* that is near an ell long, which was of such a length and depth, that he had his picture drawn, and now is to be seen at mine Host *Rickabies* at the *George* in *Ware*,) and it may be, by giving that very great *Trout* the Rod, that is, by casting it to him into the water, I might have caught him at the long run, for so I use alwayes to do when I meet with an overgrown fish, and you will learn to do so too hereafter : for I tell you, Scholar, fishing is an Art, or at least, it is an Art to catch fish.

*Venat.* But Master, I have heard that the great *Trout* you speak of is a *Salmon*.

*Pisc.* Trust me Scholar, I know not what to say to it. There are many Country people that believe *Hares* change Sexes every year : And there be very many learned men think so too, for in their dissecting them they find many reasons to incline them to that belief. And to make the wonder seem yet less that Hares change Sexes, note that Doctor *Mer. Casaubon* affirms in his book of credible and incredible things, that Gasper Peuseus a learned Physician, tells us of a people that once a year turn wolves, partly in shape, and partly in conditions. And so whether this were a *Salmon* when he came into the fresh

water, and his not returning into the Sea hath altered him to another colour or kind, I am not able to say ; but I am certain he hath all the signs of being a *Trout* both for his *shape*, *colour*, and *spots*, and yet many think he is not.

*Venat.* But Master, will this *Trout* which I had hold of die ? for it is like he hath the hook in his belly.

*Pisc.* I will tell you, Scholar, that unless the hook be fast in his very Gorge, 'tis more than probable he will live, and a little time with the help of the water, will rust the hook, and it will in time wear away : as the gravel doth in the horse hoof, which only leaves a false quarter.

And now Scholar, lets go to my Rod. Look you Scholar, I have a fish too, but it proves a logger-headed *Chub*, and this is not much amiss, for this will pleasure some poor body, as we go to our lodging to meet our Brother *Peter* and honest *Coridon*. Come, now bait your hook again, and lay it into the water, for it rains again ; and we will ev'n retire to the *Sycamore tree*, and there I will give you more directions concerning Fishing : For I would fain make you an Artist.

*Venat.* Yes, good Master, I pray let it be so.

*Pisc.* Well Scholar, now we are sate down and are at ease, I shall tell you a little more of *Trout* fishing, before I speak of the *Salmon* (which I purpose shall be next,) and then of the *Pike* or *Luce*. You are to know, there is night as well as day-fishing for a *Trout*, and that in the night the best *Trouts* come out of their holes : and the manner of taking

them, is on the top of the water with a great *Lob* or *Garden-worm*, or rather two, which you are to fish with in a place where the waters run somewhat quietly (for in a stream the bait will not be so well discerned.) I say in a *quiet* or dead place near to some swift, there draw your bait over the top of the water to and fro, and if there be a good *Trout* in the hole, he will take it, especially if the night be dark : for then he is bold and lies near the top of the water, watching the motion of any *Frog* or *Water-Rat* or *Mouse* that swims betwixt him and the skie ; these he hunts after, if he sees the water but wrinkle, or move in one of these dead holes, where these great old *Trouts* usually lie near to their holds ; for you are to note, that the great old *Trout* is both subtil and fearful, and lies close all day, and does not usually stir out of his hold, but lies in it as close in the day, as the *timorous Hare* does in her form : for the chief feeding of either is seldom in the day, but usually in the night, and then the great *Trout* feeds very boldly.

And you must fish for him with a strong Line, and not a little hook, and let him have time to gorge your hook, for he does not usually forsake it, as he oft will in the day-fishing : and if the night be not dark, then Fish so with an *Artificial flie* of a light-colour, and at the snap : nay, he will sometimes rise at a dead *Mouse*, or a piece of cloth, or any thing, that seems to swim cross the water, or to be in motion : this is a choice way, but I have not oft used it, because it is void of the pleasures, that such dayes as these, that we two now enjoy, afford an Angler.

And you are to know, that in *Hampshire*, which I think exceeds all *England* for swift shallow, clear, pleasant Brooks, and store of *Trouts*, they use to catch *Trouts* in the night, by the light of a Torch or straw, which when they have discovered, they strike with a *Trout-spear* or other wayes. This kind of way they catch very many, but I would not believe it till I was an eye-witness of it, nor do I like it now I have seen it.

*Venat.* But Master, do not *Trouts* see us in the night?

*Pisc.* Yes, and hear, and smell too, both then and in the day time, for *Gesner* observes, the *Otter* smells a Fish forty furlongs off him in the water : and that it may be true, seems to be affirmed by Sir *Francis Bacon* (in the eighth Century of his *Natural History*) who there proves, that waters may be the *Medium* of sounds, by demonstrating it thus, *That if you knock two stones together very deep under the water, those that stand on a bank near to that place may hear the noise without any diminution of it by the water.* He also offers the like experiment concerning the letting an *Anchor* fall by a very long cable or rope on a rock, or the sand within the Sea : and this being so well observed and demonstrated, as it is by that learned man, has made me to believe that *Eeles* unbed themselves, and stir at the noise of Thunder, and not only, as some think, by the motion or stirring of the earth which is occasioned by that Thunder.

And this reason of Sir *Francis Bacon* (*Exper.* 792.) has made me crave pardon of one that I laught at for affirming, that he knew *Carps* come to a certain

place in a Pond, to be fed at the ringing of a Bell, or the beating of a Drum : and however, it shall be a rule for me to make as little noise as I can when I am fishing, untill Sir *Francis Bacon* be confuted, which I shall give any man leave to do.

And, lest you may think him singular in this opinion, I will tell you, this seems to be believed by our learned Doctor *Hackwell*, who (in his *Apology of Gods Power and Providence*, f. 360) quotes *Pliny* to report, that one of the Emperors had particular Fish-ponds, and in them several Fish, that appeared and came when they were called by their particular names : and St. *James* tells us (*chap. 1. and 7.*) that all things in the Sea have been tamed by Mankind. And *Pliny* tells us (*lib. 9. 35.*) that *Antonia* the Wife of *Drusus* had a *Lamprey*, at whose gills she hung Jewels or Ear-rings ; and that others have been so tender-hearted, as to shed tears at the death of Fishes, which they have kept and loved. And these Observations, which will to most hearers seem wonderful, seem to have a further confirmation from *Martial* (*lib. 4. epigr. 30.*) who writes thus :

*Piscator fuge ne nocens, &c.*

Angler, would'st thou be guiltless ? then forbear,  
For these are sacred fishes that swim here ;  
Who know their Sovereign, and will lick his hand ;  
Than which none's greater in the worlds command :  
Nay more, th' have names, & when they called are,  
Do to their several Owners Call repair.

All the further use that I shall make of this, shall be, to advise Anglers to be patient, and *forbear swearing*, lest they be heard and catch no Fish.

And so I shall proceed next to tell you, it is certain, that certain fields near *Lemster*, a Town in *Hereford-shire*, are observed to make the sheep that graze upon them more fat than the next, and also to bear finer wool ; that is to say, that, that year in which they feed in such a particular pasture, they shall yield finer wool than they did that year before they came to feed in it, and courser again if they shall return to their former pasture ; and again return to a finer wool being fed in the fine-wool-ground. Which I tell you, that you may the better believe that I am certain, if I catch a *Trout* in one Meadow, he shall be *white* and *faint*, and very like to be *lowsie* ; and as certainly, if I catch a *Trout* in the next Meadow, he shall be *strong*, and *red*, and *lusty*, and much better meat : Trust me, Scholar, I have caught many a *Trout* in a particular Meadow, that the very shape and the enamell'd colour of him hath been such, as hath joyed me to look on him ; and I have then with much pleasure concluded with *Solomon*, *Every thing is beautiful in his season*.

I should by promise speak next of the *Salmon*, but I will by your favour say a little of the *Umber* or *Grayling* ; which is so like a *Trout* for his shape and feeding, that I desire I may exercise your patience with a short discourse of him, and then the next shall be of the *Salmon*.



## CHAP. VI.

*Observations of the Umber or Grayling, and directions how to fish for them.*

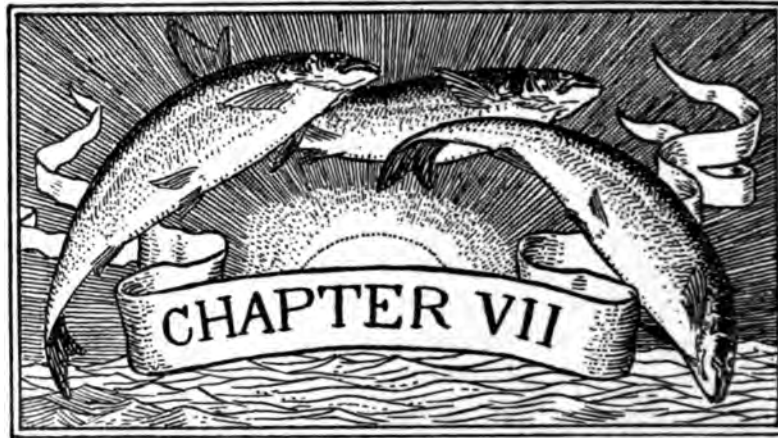
**PISC.** The *Umber* and *Grayling* are thought by some to differ as the *Herring* and *Pilcher* do. But though they may do so in other Nations, I think those in *England* differ nothing but in their names. *Aldrovandus* says, they be of a Trout kind: and *Gesner* says, that in his Country (which is *Switzerland*) he is accounted the choicest of all Fish. - And in *Italy*, he is in the month of *May* so highly valued, that he is sold then at a much higher rate than any other Fish. The *French* (which call the *Chub Un Villain*) call the *Umber* of the Lake *Leman*, *Un Umble Chevalier*; and they value the *Umber* or *Grayling* so highly, that they say he feeds on Gold, and say that many have



been caught out of their famous river of *Loyre*, out of whose bellies grains of Gold have been often taken. And some think that he feeds on *Water-time*, and smells of it at his first taking out of the water; and they may think so with as good reason as we do, that our Smelts smell like Violets at their being first caught; which I think is a truth. *Aldrovandus* says, the *Salmon*, the *Grayling*, and *Trout*, and all Fish that live in clear and sharp streams, are made by their mother *Nature* of such exact shape and pleasant colours, purposely to invite us to a joy and contentedness in feasting with her. Whether this is a truth or not, is not my purpose to dispute; but 'tis certain, all that write of the *Umber* declare him to be very medicinal. And *Gesner* says, that the fat of an *Umber* or *Grayling* being set with a little Honey a day or two in the Sun in a little glass, is very excellent against redness, or swarthinness, or any thing that breeds in the eyes. *Salvian* takes him to be called *Umber* from his swift swimming or gliding out of sight, more like a shadow or a Ghost than a fish. Much more might be said both of his smell and tast, but I shall only tell you, that St. *Ambrose* the glorious Bishop of *Millan* (who liv'd when the Church kept Fasting-days) calls him the *flower-fish*, or flower of Fishes, and that he was so far in love with him, that he would not let him pass without the honour of a long Discourse; but I must; and pass on to tell you how to take this dainty fish.

First, Note, That he grows not to the bigness of a Trout; for the biggest of them do not usually exceed eighteen inches, he lives in such Rivers as

the Trout does, and is usually taken with the same baits as the Trout is, and after the same manner, for he will bite both at the *Minnow*, or *Worm*, or *Fly*, (though he bites not often at the *Minnow*) and is very gamesom at the *Fly*, and much simpler, and therefore bolder than a *Trout*, for he will rise twenty times at a fly, if you miss him, and yet rise again. He has been taken with a fly made of the red feathers of a *Parakita*, a strange outlandish bird, and he will rise at a fly not unlike a gnat or a small moth, or indeed, at most flies that are not too big. He is a Fish that lurks close all winter, but is very pleasant and jolly after mid-*April*, and in *May*, and in the hot months: he is of a very fine shape, his flesh is white, his teeth, those little ones that he has, are in his throat, yet he has so tender a mouth, that he is oftner lost after an angler has hooked him, than any other Fish. Though there be many of these Fishes in the delicate River *Dove*, and in *Trent*, and some other smaller Rivers, as that which runs by *Salisbury*, yet he is not so general a Fish as the *Trout*, nor to me so good to eat or to angle for. And so I shall take my leave of him, and now come to some Observations of the *Salmon*, and how to catch him.



*Observations of the Salmon, with directions how to  
fish for him.*

**PISC.** The *Salmon* is accounted the King of fresh-water-fish, and is ever bred in Rivers relating to the Sea, yet so high or far from it as admits of no tincture of salt, or brackishness; He is said to breed or cast his spawn in most Rivers in the month of *August*: some say, that then they dig a hole or grave in a safe place in the gravel, and there place their eggs or spawn (after the Melter has done his natural Office) and then hide it most cunningly, and cover it over with gravel and stones; and then leave it to their Creators protection, who by a gentle heat which he infuses into that cold element makes it brood and beget life in the spawn,

and to become *Samlets* early in the spring next following.

The *Salmons* having spent their appointed time, and done this Natural Duty in the fresh waters ; they then haste to the Sea before Winter ; both the Melter and Spawner : but, if they be stopt by *Flood-gates* or *Weires*, or lost in the fresh waters ; then, those so left behind, by degrees grow *sick*, and *lean*, and *unseasonable*, and *kipper* ; that is to say, have bony gristles grow out of their lower chaps (not unlike a Hawks beak) which hinders their feeding, and in time such Fish so left behind, pine away and dye. 'Tis observed, that he may live thus one year from the Sea ; but he then grows insipid, and tasteless, and loses both his blood and strength, and pines and dies the second year. And 'tis noted, that those little *Salmons* called *Skeggers*, which abound in many Rivers relating to the *Sea*, are bred by such sick *Salmons*, that might not go to the Sea, and that though they abound, yet they never thrive to any considerable bigness.

But if the old *Salmon* gets to the Sea, then that gristle which shews him to be *kipper* wears away, or is cast off (as the *Eagle* is said to cast his bill) and he recovers his strength, and comes next Summer to the same River (if it be possible) to enjoy the former pleasures that there possest him ; for (as one has wittily observed) he has (like some persons of Honour and Riches, which have both their Winter and Summer houses) the fresh Rivers for Summer, and the salt water for Winter to spend his life in ; which is not (as Sir *Francis Bacon* hath observed in his

*History of Life and Death*) above ten years : And it is to be observed, that though the *Salmon* does grow big in the Sea, yet he grows not fat but in fresh Rivers ; and it is observed, that the farther they get from the Sea, they be both the fatter and better.

Next, I shall tell you, that though they make very hard shift to get out of the fresh Rivers into the Sea : yet they will make harder shift to get out of the salt into the fresh Rivers, to spawn, or possess the pleasures that they have formerly found in them : to which end, they will force themselves through *Flood-gates*, or over *Weires*, or *hedges*, or *stops* in the water, even to a height beyond common belief. *Gesner* speaks of such places, as are known to be above eight foot high above water. And our *Cambden* mentions (in his *Britannia*) the like wonder to be in *Pembroke-shire*, where the River *Tivy* falls into the Sea, and that the fall is so down-right, and so high, that the people stand and wonder at the strength and slight by which they see the *Salmon* use to get out of the Sea into the said River ; and the manner and height of the place is so notable, that it is known far by the name of the *Salmon-leap* ; concerning which, take this also out of *Michael Drayton*, my honest old friend. As he tells it you in his *Polyalbion*.

*And when the Salmon seeks a fresher stream to find,  
(which hither from the Sea comes yearly by his kind)  
As he towards season grows, & stems the watry tract  
Where Tivy falling down, makes an high cataract,  
Forc'd by the rising rocks that there her course oppose  
As tho within her bounds they meant her to inclose ;*

*Almshouses, St. Cross*

to make their nests and habitations for the Summer following: which has inclined many to think, that every *Salmon* usually returns to the same River in which it was bred, as young *Pigeons* taken out of the same *Dove-cote*, have also been observed to do.

And you are yet to observe further, that the Hee *Salmon* is usually bigger than the Spawner, and that he is more kipper, and less able to endure a winter in the fresh water, than the She is, yet she is at that time of looking less kipper and better, as watry, and as bad meat.

And yet you are to observe, that as there is no general rule without an exception, so there are some few Rivers in this Nation, that have *Trouts* and *Salmons* in season in winter, as 'tis certain there be in the River *Wy* in *Monmouth-shire*, where they be in season (as *Cambden* observes) from *September* till *April*. But, my Scholar, the observation of this and many other things, I must in manners omit, because they will prove to large for our narrow compass of time, and therefore I shall next fall upon my direction *how to fish for this Salmon*.

And for that first, you shall observe, that usually he staies not long in a place (as *Trouts* will) but (as I said) covets still to go nearer the Spring head; and that he does not (as the *Trout* and many other fish) lie near the water side or bank or roots of trees, but swims in the deep and broad parts of the water, and usually in the middle, and near the ground; and that there you are to fish for him, and that it is to be caught as the *Trout* is, with a *Worm*, a *Minnow*, (which some call a *Penk*) or with a *Flie*.

And you are to observe, that he is very seldom observed to bite at a *Minnow*, (yet sometimes he will) and not usually at a *flie*, but more usually at a *Worm*, and then most usually at a *Lob* or *Garden-worm*, which should be well scoured that is to say, kept seven or eight daies in Moss before you fish with them : and if you double your time of eight into sixteen twenty or more daies, it is still the better, for the worms will still be clearer, tougher, and more lively, and continue so longer upon your hook, and they may be kept longer by keeping them cool and in fresh Moss, and some advise to put Camphire into it.

Note also, that many use to fish for a *Salmon* with a ring of wire on the top of their Rod, through which the Line may run to as great a length as is needful when he is hook'd. And to that end, some use a wheel about the middle of their Rod, or near their hand, which is to be observed better by seeing one of them, than by a large demonstration of words.

And now I shall tell you, that which may be called a secret : I have been a fishing with old *Oliver Henly*, (now with God) a noted Fisher, both for *Trout* and *Salmon*, and have observed, that he would usually take three or four worms out of his bag, and put them into a little box in his pocket, where he would usually let them continue half an hour or more, before he would bait his hook with them ; I have asked him his reason, and he has replied, *He did but pick the best out to be in readiness against he baited his hook the next time* : But he has been observed both by others, and my self, to catch more fish than I or any



other body, that has ever gone a fishing with him could do ; and especially *Salmons* ; and I have been told lately by one of his most intimate and secret friends, that the box in which he put those worms, was anointed with a drop, or two or three, of the Oyl of *Ivy berries*, made by expression or infusion ; and told that by the worms remaining in that box an hour, or a like time, they had incorporated a kind of smell that was irresistibly attractive, enough to force any Fish within the smell of them, to bite. This I heard not long since from a friend, but have not tryed it ; yet I grant it probable, and refer my Reader to Sir *Francis Bacons* Natural History, where he proves fishes may hear and doubtless can more probably smell ; and I am certain *Gesner* says, the *Otter* can smell in the water, and I know not but that Fish may do so too : 'tis left for a lover of Angling, or any that desires to improve that Art, to try this conclusion.

I shall also impart two other Experiments (but not tryed by myself) which I will deliver in the same words that they were given me by an excellent Angler and a very friend, in writing ; he told me the latter was too good to be told, but in a learned language, lest it should be made common.

*Take the stinking oil, drawn out of Polypody of the Oak by a retort, mixt with Turpentine, and Hive-honey, and anoint your bait therewith, and it will doubtless draw the fish to it.*

The other is this: *Vulnera hederæ grandissimæ inflicta sudant Balsamum oleo gelato, albicantique persimile, odoris vero longe suavissimi.*

'Tis supremely sweet to any fish, and yet *Asa foetida* may do the like.

But in these things I have no great faith, yet grant it probable, and have had from some chymical men (namely, from Sir *George Hastings* and others) an affirmation of them to be very advantageous : but no more of these, especially not in this place.

I might here, before I take my leave of the *Salmon*, tell you, that there is more than one sort of them, as namely, a *Tecon*, and another called in some places a *Samlet*, or by some, a *Skegger* : but these (and others which I forbear to name) may be Fish of another kind, (and differ, as we know a *Herring* and a *Pilcher* do,) which I think are as different, as the Rivers in which they breed, and must by me be left to the disquisitions of men of more leisure, and of greater abilities, than I profess my self to have.

And lastly, I am to borrow so much of your promised patience, as to tell you that the *Trout* or *Salmon* being in season, have at their first taking out of the water (which continues during life) their bodies adorned, the one with such red spots, and the other with such black or blackish spots, as give them such an addition of natural beauty, as I think, was never given to any woman by the Artificial Paint or Patches in which they so much pride themselves in this Age. And so I shall leave them both and proceed to some Observations of the *Pike*.



*Observations of the Luce or Pike, with directions how  
to fish for him.*

**P***Isc.* The mighty *Luce* or *Pike* is taken to be the Tyrant (as the *Salmon* is the King) of the fresh waters, 'Tis not to be doubted, but that they are bred, some by generation, and some not : as namely, of a Weed called *Pickerel-weed*, unless learned *Gesner* be much mistaken, for he says, this weed and other glutinous matter, with the help of the Suns heat in some particular Months, and some Ponds apted for it by nature, do become *Pikes*. But doubtless divers *Pikes* are bred after this manner, or are brought into some Ponds some such other wayes as is past mans finding out, of which we have daily testimonies.

Sir *Francis Bacon* in his History of Life and Death, observes the *Pike* to be the longest lived of any fresh-water-fish, and yet he computes it to be not usually above forty years ; and others think it to be not above ten years ; and yet *Gesner* mentions a *Pike* taken in *Swedeland* in the Year 1449, with a Ring about his neck, declaring he was put into that Pond by *Frederick* the second, more than two hundred years before he was last taken, as by the Inscription in that Ring (being Greek) was interpreted by the then Bishop of *Worms*. But of this no more, but that it is observed, that the old or very great Pikes have in them more of state than goodness ; the smaller or middle sized Pikes being by the most and choicest Palates observed to be the best meat ; and contrary, the Eel is observed to be the better for age and bigness.

All Pikes that live long prove chargeable to their Keepers, because their life is maintained by the death of so many other Fish, even those of their own kind, which has made him by some Writers to be called the *Tyrant* of the Rivers, or the *Fresh-water-wolf*, by reason of his bold, greedy devouring disposition, which is so keen, as *Gesner* relates, a man going to a Pond (where it seems a *Pike* had devoured all the fish) to water his Mule, had a *Pike* bit his Mule by the lips ; to which the *Pike* hung so fast, that the Mule drew him out of the water, and by that accident the owner of the Mule angled out the *Pike*. And the same *Gesner* observes, that a Maid in *Poland* had a *Pike* bit her by the foot as she was washing clothes in a Pond. And I have heard the like of

a woman in *Killingworth Pond* not far from *Coventry*. But I have been assured by my friend Mr. *Seagrave*, (of whome I spake to you formerly,) that keeps tame *Otters*, that he hath known a *Pike* in extream hunger fight with one of his *Otters* for a *Carp* that the *Otter* had caught and was then bringing out of the water. I have told you who relates these things, and tell you they are persons of credit, and shall conclude this observation, by telling you what a wise man has observed, *It is a hard thing to perswade the belly, because it has no ears.*

But if these relations be disbelieved, it is too evident to be doubted, that a *Pike* will devour a Fish of his own kind, that shall be bigger than his belly or throat will receive, and swallow a part of him, and let the other part remain in his mouth till the swallowed part be digested, and then swallow that other part that was in his mouth, and so put it over by degrees; which is not unlike the *Ox* and some other beasts, taking their meat not out of their mouth immediately into their belly, but first into some place betwixt, and then chew it, or digest it by degrees after, which is called *Chewing the Cud*. And doubtless *Pikes* will bite when they are not hungry, but as some think even for very anger, when a tempting bait comes near to them.

And it is observed, that the *Pike* will eat venomous things (as some kind of *Frogs* are) and yet live without being harmed by them: for, as some say, he has in him a natural Balsom or Antidote against all poison: and he has a strange heat, that though it appear to us to be cold, can yet digest or put over,

any Fish-flesh by degrees without being sick. And others observe, that he never eats the venomous *Frog*, till he have first killed her, and then (as *Ducks* are observed to do to *Frogs* in spawning time (at which time some *Frogs* are observed to be venomous) so thoroughly washt her, by tumbling her up and down in the water, that he may devour her without danger. And *Gesner* affirms, that a *Polonian Gentleman*, did faithfully assure him, he had seen two young Geese at one time in the belly of a *Pike*. And doubtless a *Pike* in his height of hunger will bite at and devour a dog that swims in a Pond, and there have been examples of it, or the like; for as I told you, *The belly has no ears when hunger comes upon it*.

The *Pike* is also observed to be a solitary, melancholy and a bold Fish: Melancholy, because he always swims or rests himself alone, and never swims in shoals or with company, as *Roach* and *Dace*, and most other Fish do: And bold, because he fears not a shadow, or to see or be seen of any body, as the *Trout* and *Chub*, and all other Fish do.

And it is observed by *Gesner*, that the Jaw-bones, and Hearts, and Galls of *Pikes* are very medicinable for several diseases, or to stop blood, to abate Fevers, to cure Agues, to oppose or expel the infection of the Plague, and to be many ways medicinable and useful for the good of Mankind; but he observes, that the biting of a *Pike* is venomous and hard to be cured.

And it is observed, that the *Pike* is a fish that breeds but once a year, and that other fish (as namely *Loaches*) do breed oftner: as we are certain tame

Pigeons do almost every month, and yet the *Hawk* (a Bird of Prey, as the *Pike* is of Fish) breeds but once in twelve months : and you are to note, that his time of breeding or spawning is usually about the end of *February*, or somewhat later, in *March*, (as the weather proves colder or warmer) and to note, that his manner of breeding is thus, a He and a She *Pike* will usually go together out of a River into some ditch or creek, and that there the Spawner casts her eggs, and the Melter hovers over her all that time that she is casting her spawn, but touches her not.

I might say more of this, but it might be thought curiosity or worse, and shall therefore forbear it, and take up so much of your attention, as to tell you, that the best of *Pikes* are noted to be in *Rivers*, next those in great *Ponds*, or *Meres*, and the worst in small *Ponds*.

But before I proceed further, I am to tell you that there is a great antipathy betwixt the *Pike* and some *Frogs* ; and this may appear to the Reader of *Dubravius* (a Bishop in *Bohemia*) who in his book of Fish and Fish-ponds, relates what, he says, he saw with his own eyes, and could not forbear to tell the Reader. Which was :

*As he and the Bishop Thurzo were walking by a large Pond in Bohemia, they saw a Frog, when the Pike lay very sleepily and quiet by the shore side, leap upon his head, and the Frog having exprest malace or anger by his swoln cheeks and staring eyes, did stretch out his legs and embraced the Pikes head, and presently reached them to his eyes, tearing with them and his teeth those tender parts ; the Pike moved with anguish, moves up and down the*

*water, and rubs himself against weeds, and whatever he thought might quit him of his enemy; but all in vain, for the frog did continue to ride triumphantly, and to bite and torment the Pike, till his strength failed, and then the frog sunk with the Pike to the bottom of the water; then presently the frog appeared again at the top and croaked, and seemed to rejoice like a Conqueror, after which he presently retired to his secret hole. The Bishop, that had beheld the battel, called his fisherman to fetch his nets, and by all means to get the Pike, that they might declare what had hapned: and the Pike was drawn forth, and both his eyes eaten out, at which when they began to wonder, the Fisherman wished them to forbear, and assured them he was certain that Pikes were often so served.*

I told this (which is to be read in the sixth Chapter of the Book of *Dubravius*), unto a friend, who replied, *It was as improbable as to have the mouse scratch out the cats eyes.* But he did not consider, that there be fishing Frogs (which the *Dalmatians* call the Water-Devil) of which I might tell you as wonderful a story, but I shall tell you, that 'tis not to be doubted, but that there be some Frogs so fearful of the Water-snake, that, when they swim in a place in which they fear to meet with him, they then get a reed across into their mouths, which if they two meet by accident, secures the frog from the strength and malice of the *Snake*, and note, that the frog usually swims the fastest of the two.

And let me tell you, that as there be *Water* and *Land-frogs*, so there be *Land* and *Water-Snakes*. Concerning which take this observation, that the Land-snake breeds, and hatches her eggs, which become



young Snakes, in some old dunghill, or a like hot place ; but the Water-snake, which is not venomous (and as I have been assured by a great observer of such secrets) does not hatch but breed her young alive, which she does not then forsake, but bides with them, and in case of danger will take them all into her mouth and swim away from any apprehended danger, and then let them out again when she thinks all danger to be past ; These be accidents that we Anglers sometimes see and often talk of.

But whither am I going ? I had almost lost my  
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*bravus.*  
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*Pike.*

His feeding is usually of *fish* or *frogs*, and sometimes a weed of his own called *Pickrell-weed*. Of which I told you some think some *Pikes* are bred ; for they have observed, that where none have been put into Ponds, yet they have there found many : and that there has been plenty of that weed in those Ponds, and that that weed both breeds and feeds them ; but whether those *Pikes* so bred will ever breed by generation as the others do, I shall leave to the disquisitions of men of more curiosity and leasure than I profess my self to have ; and shall

proceed to tell you that you may fish for a *Pike*, either with a *ledger* or a *walking-bait* ; and you are to note, that I call that a *Ledger bait*, which is fixed, or made to rest in one certain place when you shall be absent from it : and I call that a *walking bait*, which you take with you, and have ever in motion. Concerning which two, I shall give you this direction ; That your *ledger bait* is best to be a living bait, though a dead one may catch, whether it be a fish or a frog ; and that you may make them live the longer, you may or indeed you must take this course.

First, for your live bait of fish, a *Roach* or *Dace* is (I think) best and most tempting, and a *Pearch* is the longest lived on a hook, and having cut off his fin on his back, which may be done without hurting him, you must take your knife (which cannot be too sharp) and betwixt the head and the fin on the back, cut or make an incision, or such a scar, as you may put the arming wire of your hook into it, with as little bruising or hurting the fish as art and diligence will enable you to do ; and so carrying your arming wire along his back, unto, or near the tail of your Fish, betwixt the skin and the body of it, draw out that wire or arming of your hook at another scar near to his tail : then ty him about it with thred, but no harder than of necessity to prevent hurting the fish ; and the better to avoid hurting the fish, some have a kind of probe to open the way, for the more easie entrance and passage of your wire or arming : but as for these, time, and a little experience will teach you better than I can by words ; therefore I will for the present say no more of this, but come

next to give you some directions, how to bait your hook with a frog.

*Ven.* But, good Master, did you not say even now, that some *Frogs* were venomous, and is it not dangerous to touch them?

*Pisc.* Yes, but I will give you some Rules or Cautions concerning them: And first, you are to note, that there are two kinds of *Frogs*; that is to say (if I may so express my self) a *flesh*, and a *fish-frog*: by *flesh-frogs*, I mean *frogs* that breed and live on the land; and of these there be several sorts also and of several colours, some being peckled, some greenish, some blackish, or brown: the green *Frog*, which is a small one, is by *Topsel* taken to be venomous; and so is the *padock* or *Frog-paddock* which usually keeps or breeds on the land, and is very large and bony, and big, especially the She frog of that kind; yet these will sometimes come into the water, but it is not often; and the land frogs are some of them observed by him, to breed by laying eggs: and others to breed of the slime and dust of the earth, and that in winter they turn to slime again, and that the next Summer that very slime returns to be a

\*In his 19. living creature; this is the opinion of *Pliny*: Book, *De subtil. ex.* and *Cardanus* undertakes to give a reason for the raining of Frogs: but if it were in my power, it should rain none but water-Frogs, for those, I think are not venomous, especially the right water-Frog, which about *February* or *March* breeds in ditches by slime, and blackish eggs in that slime: about which time of breeding the He and She Frogs are observed to use divers *Simber-salts* and to croak

and make a noise, which the land-frog, or Padock frog never does. Now of these water-frogs, if you intend to fish with a frog for a Pike, you are to chuse the yellowest that you can get, for that the Pike ever likes best. And thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive.

Put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of *April* till *August*, and then the frogs mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six moneths without eating, but is sustained, none but he whose name is Wonderful, knows how ; I say, put your hook, I mean the arming wire through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sow the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frogs leg above the upper joynt to the armed wire, and in so doing, use him as though you loved him, that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer.

And now, having given you this direction for the baiting your ledger hook with a live Fish or frog, my next must be to tell you, how your hook thus baited must or may be used : and it is thus. Having fastened your hook to a line, which if it be not fourteen yards long, should not be less than twelve ; you are to fasten that line to any bough near to a hole where a Pike is, or is likely to lie, or to have a haunt, and then wind your line on any forked stick, all your line except half a yard of it or rather more, and split that forked stick with such a nick or notch at one end of it, as may keep the line from any more of it ravelling from about the stick, than so much of

it as you intend ; and chuse your forked stick to be of that bigness as may keep the Fish or frog from pulling the forked stick under the water till the Pike bites, and then the Pike having pulled the line forth of the clift or nick of that stick in which it was gently fastened, he will have line enough to go to his hold and pouch the bait : and if you would have this ledger bait to keep at a fixt place, undisturbed by wind or other accidents which may drive it to the shore side, (for you are to note, that it is likeliest to catch a Pike in the midst of the water) then hang a small Plummet of lead, a stone, or piece of tile, or a turf in a string, and cast it into the water, with the forked stick, to hang upon the ground to be a kind of Anchor to keep the forked stick from moving out of your intended place till the Pike come. This I take to be a very good way, to use so many ledger baits as you intend to make trial of.

Or if you bait your hooks thus with live Fish or Frogs, and in a windy day, fasten them thus to a bough or bundle of straw, and by the help of that wind can get them to move cross a *Pond* or *mere*, you are like to stand still on the shore and see sport presently if there be any store of *Pikes* ; or these live baits may make sport, being tied about the body or wings of a *Goose* or *Duck*, and she chased over a *Pond* : and the like may be done with turning three or four live baits thus fastened to bladders, or boughs, or bottles of hay or flags, to swim down a River, whilst you walk quietly alone on the shore, and are still in expectation of sport. The rest must be taught you by practice, for time will not allow

grass, or flags or weeds, where it lies ten or twelve dayes before it be enlivened.

The *Carp*, if he have water-room and good feed, will grow to a very great bigness and length: I have heard, to be much above a yard long. 'Tis said, (by *Jovius*, who hath writ of Fishes) that in the lake *Lurian* in *Italy*, *Carps* have thriven to be more than fifty pound weight, which is the more probable, for as the *Bear* is conceiv'd and born suddenly; and being born is but short-liv'd: So on the contrary, the *Elephant* is said to be two years in his dams belly (some think he is ten years in it) and being born grows in bigness twenty years; and 'tis observ'd too that he lives to the Age of a hundred years. And 'tis also observ'd that the *Crocodile* is very long-liv'd, and more than that, that all that long life he thrives in bigness, and so I think some *Carps* do, especially in some places; though I never saw one above 23. inches, which was a great and goodly Fish: But have been assured there are of a far greater size, and in *England* too.

Now, as the increase of *Carps* is wonderful for their number; so there is not a reason found out, I think by any, why they should breed in some Ponds, and not in others of the same nature, for soil and all other circumstances: and as their breeding, so are their decays also very mysterious: I have both read it, and been told by a Gentleman of tried honesty, that he has known sixty or more large *Carps* put into several ponds near to a house, where by reason of the stakes in the ponds, and the Owners constant being near to them, it was impossible they

should be stole away from him : and that when he has after three or four years emptyed the pond, and expected an increase from them by breeding young ones (for that they might do so, he had, as the rule is, put in three Melters for one Spawner) he has, I say, after three or four years, found neither a young nor old *Carp* remaining. And the like I have known of one that has almost watched the pond, and at a like distance of time, at the fishing of a pond, found of seventy or eighty large *Carps* not above five or six : and that he had forborn longer to fish the said pond, but that he saw in a hot day in Summer, a large *Carp* swim near the top of the water with a Frog upon his head, and that he upon that occasion caused his pond to be let dry : and I say, of seventy or eighty *Carps*, only found five or six in the said pond, and those very sick and lean, and with every one a Frog sticking so fast on the head of the said *Carps*, that the Frog would not be got off without extreme force or killing : and the Gentleman that did affirm this to me, told me he saw it, and did declare his belief to be, (and I also believe the same) that he thought the other *Carps* that were so strangely lost, were so killed by frogs, and then devoured.

And a person of honour now living in *Worcestershire* assur'd me he had seen a necklace or collar of Tadpoles hang like a chaine or \* *Mr. Fr. Ru.* necklace of beads about a *Pikes* neck, and to kill him ; whether it were for meat or malice, must be to me a question.

But I am faln into this Discourse by accident, of which I might say more, but it has proved longer

than I intended, and possibly may not to you be considerable ; I shall therefore give you three or four more short observations of the *Carp*, and then fall upon some directions how you shall fish for him.

The age of *Carps* is by Sir *Francis Bacon* (in his History of Life and Death) observed to be but ten years ; yet others think they live longer. *Gesner* saies a *Carp* has been known to live in the *Palatinate* above a hundred years : But most conclude, that (contrary to the *Pike* or *Luce*) all *Carps* are the better for age and bigness ; the tongues of *Carps* are noted to be choice and costly meat, especially to them that buy them : but *Gesner* saies, *Carps* have no tongue like other Fish, but a piece of flesh-like-Fish in their mouth like to a tongue, and should be called a palate : But it is certain it is choicely good, and that the *Carp* is to be reckoned amongst those leather-mouthed fish, which I told you have their teeth in their throat, and for that reason he is very seldom lost by breaking his hold, if your hook be once stuck into his chaps.

I told you that Sir *Francis Bacon* thinks that the *Carp* lives but ten years, but *Janus Dubravius* has writ a Book of Fish and Fish-ponds, in which he saies, That *Carps* begin to Spawn at the age of three years, and continue to do so till thirty : he says also, That in the time of their breeding, which is in Summer, when the Sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and so apted them also for generation ; that then three or four Male-*Carps* will follow a Female, and that then she putting on a seeming coyness, they force her through weeds and flags, where she lets fall her Eggs or Spawn, which stick fast to the

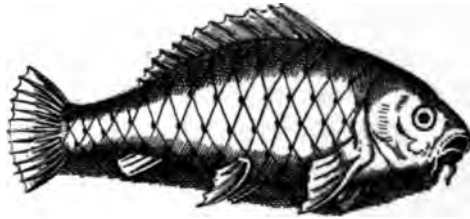


weeds, and then they let fall their Melt upon it, and so it becomes in a short time to be a living Fish; and as I told you, it is thought the *Carp* does this several months in the year, and most believe that most fish breed after this manner, except the Eel: and it has been observed, that when the Spawner has weakned her self by doing that natural office, that two or three Melters have helped her from off the weeds, by bearing her up on both sides, and guarding her into the deep. And you may note, that though this may seem a curiosity not worth observing, yet others have judged it worth their time and costs, to make *Glass-hives*, and order them in such a manner as to see how *Bees* have bred and made their *Honey-combs*, and how they have obeyed their King, and governed their *Common-wealth*. But it is thought that all *Carps* are not bred by generation, but that some breed other ways, as some *Pikes* do.

The Physicians make the *galls* and *stones* in the heads of *Carps* to be very medicinable; but 'tis not to be doubted but that in *Italy* they make great profit of the Spawn of *Carps*, by selling it to the *Jews*, who make it into red *Caviare*, the *Jews* not being by their Law admitted to eat of *Caviare* made of the *Sturgeon*, that being a Fish that wants scales, and (as may appear in *Levit.* 11.) by them reputed to be unclean.

Much more might be said out of him, and out of *Aristotle*, which *Dubravius* often quotes in his Discourse of Fishes; but it might rather perplex than satisfie you, and therefore I shall rather chuse to direct

you how to catch, than spend more time in discoursing  
 either of the  
 nature or the  
 breed- ing of  
 t h i s C A R P,  
 or of any m o r e  
 circum- stances  
 concer- n i n g  
 h i m ; but yet  
 I shall remem-  
 ber you of what  
 I told you before, that he is a very subtil Fish, and  
 hard to be caught.



And my first direction is, that if you will Fish  
 for a *Carp*, you must put on a very large measure of  
*patience* ; especially to fish for a *River Carp* : I have  
 known a very good Fisher angle diligently four or  
 six hours in a day, for three or four daies together  
 for a *River Carp*, and not have a bite : and you are  
 to note, that in some ponds it is as hard to catch a  
 Carp as in a River ; that is to say, where they have  
 store of feed, and the water is of a clayish colour :  
 But you are to remember, that I have told you there  
 is no rule without an exception, and therefore being  
 possest with that hope and patience which I wish to  
 all Fishers, especially to the *Carp-Angler*, I shall tell  
 you with what bait to fish for him. But first you  
 are to know, that it must be either early or late ;  
 and let me tell you, that in hot weather (for he will  
 seldom bite in cold) you cannot be too early or too  
 late at it. And some have been so curious as to say,  
 the 10. of *April* is a fatal day for Carps.

The Carp bites either at worms or at paste, and of worms I think the blewish Marsh or Meadow worm is best ; but possibly another worm not too big may do as well, and so may a green Gentle : And as for pastes, there are almost as many sorts as there are Medicines for the Toothach, but doubtless sweet pastes are best ; I mean, pastes made with honey or with sugar : which, that you may the better beguile this crafty Fish, should be thrown into the Pond or place in which you fish for him some hours or longer before you undertake your tryal of skill with the Angle-rod : and doubtless if it be thrown into the water a day or two before, at several times and in small pellets, you are the likelier when you fish for the Carp to obtain your desired sport ; or in a large Pond to draw them to any certain place, that they may the better and with more hope be fished for, you are to throw into it in some certain place, either Grains or Blood mixt with Cow dung, or with Bran ; or any Garbage, as Chickens guts or the like, and then some of your small sweet pellets with which you purpose to angle : and these small pellets being a few of them also thrown in as you are Angling will be the better.

And your paste must be thus made : Take the flesh of a Rabbet or Cat cut small, and Bean-flowre, and if that may not be easily got, get other flowre, and then mix these together, and put to them either Sugar, or Honey, which I think better, and then beat these together in a Mortar, or sometimes work them in your hands, (your hands being very clean) and then make it into a Ball, or two, or three, as

you like best for your use ; but you must work pound it so long in the Mortar ; as to make it tough as to hang upon your hook without washing from it, yet not too hard ; or that you may the better keep it on your hook, you may knead with you paste a little (and not much) white or yellowish wax.

And if you would have this paste keep all the year for any other Fish, then mix with it *Virgin wax* and *clarified honey*, and work them together with your hands before the Fire, then make these into balls and they will keep all the year.

And if you fish for a Carp with Gentles, then put upon your hook a small piece of Scarlet, about this bigness ■, it being soaked in, or anointed with *Oyl of Peter*, called by some *Oyl of the Rock* and if your Gentles be put two or three dayes before into a box or horn anointed with honey, and so put upon your hook as to preserve them to be living, you are as like to kill this crafty fish this way as any other. But still as you are fishing chew a little white or brown bread in your mouth, and cast into the pond about the place where your Fish swims. Other baits there be, but these with diligence and patient watchfulness, will do it better than any that I have ever practised, or heard of : And yet I shall tell you, that the crumbs of white bread and honey made into a paste is a good bait for a *Carp*, and you know it is more easily made. And having said thus much of the *Carp*, my next discourse shall be of the *Bream*, which shall not prove so tedious, and therefore I desire the continuance of your attention.

But first I will tell you how to make this *Carp* that is so curious to be caught, so curious a dish of meat, as shall make him worth all your labour and patience ; and though it is not without some trouble and charges, yet it will recompence both.

*Take a Carp (alive if possible) scour him, and rub him clean with water and salt, but scale him not, then open him, and put him with his bloud and his liver (which you must save when you open him) into a small pot or kettle ; then take sweet Marjoram, Time and Parsley, of each half a handful, a sprig of Rosemary, and another of Savoury, bind them into two or three small bundles, and put them to your Carp, with four or five whole Onyons, twenty pickled Oysters, and three Anchovies. Then pour upon your Carp as much Claret wine as will only cover him ; and season your Claret well with salt, Cloves and Mace, and the rinds of Oranges and Lemons, that done, cover your pot and set it on a quick-fire, till it be sufficiently boiled ; then take out the Carp and lay it with the broth into the dish, and pour upon it a quarter of a pound of the best fresh butter melted and beaten, with half a dozen spoonfuls of the broth, the yolks of two or three eggs, and some of the herbs shred ; garnish your dish with Lemons and so serve it up, and much good do you.*

Dr. T.

END OF VOL I.

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you like best for your use ; but you must work or pound it so long in the Mortar ; as to make it so tough as to hang upon your hook without washing from it, yet not too hard ; or that you may the better keep it on your hook, you may knead with your paste a little (and not much) white or yellowish wool.

And if you would have this paste keep all the year for any other Fish, then mix with it *Virgin wax* and *clarified honey*, and work them together with your hands before the Fire, then make these into balls, and they will keep all the year.

And if you fish for a Carp with Gentles, then put upon your hook a small piece of Scarlet, about this bigness ■, it being soked in, or anointed with *Oyl of Peter*, called by some *Oyl of the Rock*, and if your Gentles be put two or three dayes before into a box or horn anointed with honey, and so put upon your hook as to preserve them to be living, you are as like to kill this crafty fish this way as any other. But still as you are fishing chew a little white or brown bread in your mouth, and cast it into the pond about the place where your Flote swims. Other baits there be, but these with diligence, and patient watchfulness, will do it better than any that I have ever practised, or heard of : And yet I shall tell you, that the crumbs of white bread and honey made into a paste is a good bait for a *Carp*, and you know it is more easily made. And having said thus much of the *Carp*, my next discourse shall be of the *Bream*, which shall not prove so tedious, and therefore I desire the continuance of your attention.



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